THE COMMONWEAL

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INK AND AMERICA

A COMMEMORATION like that of the Calvert landing in Maryland, while carrying the memory back to a time when our land was young, is also an earnest reminder of how rapidly we have grown old. Rheumatic age has its way with us in culture and economics; it is particularly marked in the creative pleasure of letters. Who can attribute pulsing energy to wry sophistication which is at the same time appalling gullibility; to a conscience awkwardly guilty when it has a fling, or shies down an alley behind a pair of trim ankles; or to an eagerness to stake brand-new decisions on fifty-year-old abstractions? Yes, there is a much heralded naturalism which, finding root in a comparatively small group of volumes which took it for granted that you and I, as persons of some cultivation, would not be interested in anything more ancient than their paganism, has spilled over into the hoppers of the commercialists. Admittedly, this naturalism is sometimes at least honest; but it is never much younger than the old, old men of Paris.

And yet—it is a point worth noting—the "sad young men" have really cashed an American inheritance. Scoff at Puritanism though they may, their ancestors were Puritans. Without old Boston in the background, they would not now be blasé. If we recall for an attentive moment the history of the New England experiment—its uncompromising individualism barred only by the devil, its shudder at even the dream of beauty, its attempt to make Man out of man—we cannot help being struck by the peculiar emphasis which it placed upon righteousness. That was, to speak sedately, its sole transcendental possession. That occupied the whole of the upper world, arrayed awefully in a gaunt positive and a harrowing negative. By it alone, of course, could the Puritan explain the destiny of men. Even when, by the time of Emerson, the old theological conceptions had faded, righteousness itself could not be shaken from its throne. It lived on as a kind of immanent law—as that to which man must attune himself in order to realize the fulness of existence. Emerson was mystical in quite the same way as Jonathan Edwards had been, and simply made the transcendental more transcendental. He called upon his friends, as it were, to see that the smoke in which the gods had gone up was still the gods.

Now the most tremendous event in the history of America is the fact that New England was able to nationalize its ideal. We say most tremendous, because a nation's mysticism is its spiritual heartbeat—no people awakes to anything during its groping life excepting to its dreams. And in New England

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alone was an American tradition localized and rooted in the earth. There only was a present made out of the past, under circumstances which assured permanence. The vastness of the continent which we inhabit, the speed with which throngs of nomadic settlers in town and country tossed aside their ill-associated memories and habits of mind, and the natural trend of historical fortune have had their way. Willingly or otherwise, most of us have been persuaded to accept Boston. The Puritan's righteousness gradually but surely became the first coinage of the American mind.

Today we are witnessing its repudiation. The reasons are many—ennui, racial difference, the rebellion of suppressed emotion. We are the most solidly moral people in the world, but we take no pleasure in our morality and seek to escape from it imaginatively whenever there is a chance. Morality is really somewhat stupid unless it is the discipline of religion; and for the great majority of us religious experience is something just as hard, standardized, and unsatisfying as cash. We cannot even conceive of it as a gratuitous joy. But all art is of its nature religious pleasure—the result of attachments, of awestruck parting embraces with ideals. Nobody ever wrote wisely of life if he took it for granted any more than a man has ever loved well who treated his sweetheart as if she were already a dowager. There is in all good literature no book which exudes the solid comfort of a bank-account. And so that is probably why we, upon whom morality rests like the dead weight of gentility, run so impetuously to the wild lands of fantastic wrong.

The roots of tradition, however, are always so necessary and so stalwart that rebellion against it must accept the weapons of the tyrant. It was the Roman legionary who taught the barbarian how to make war. Rousseau could begin the French revolution because he had found a style as fresh and convincing as that with which Saint Bernard had converted France. And the present naturalistic débâcle of American writing is so futile and so wrong precisely because it is so puritanical. Let us take one example: James Gibbons Huneker, whose purple prose virtually began the movement, was the discoverer of degenerate Paris. Nothing is so consistently marked in everything Huneker wrote as a kind of malodorous, frightened concern with morals. Righteousness was his bugbear, his Banquo—the thing he never managed to shake off and which he came to hate with a kind of obsession. Whenever he spoke of woman, it was as if he were discussing a plaster Priscilla whom he could not stomach. And from his day to ours the same morbidness of a decayed ideal has attached itself to the naturalistic movement. Sherwood Anderson and Ludwig Lewisohn, discussing love, are so morbid because the love they have repudiated was so pure—and so unreal. Recently a clever essayist discovered a cowboy, a very wise and reflective cowboy, who upon hearing the melancholy tale of Emma Bovary, declared he had known many women like that. The old ideal, you see, never existed. It was a sham, a fake. We are now trailing truth.

And so it goes on. Nothing is so dangerous or so important nationally as the corruption of the mysticism of the élite. But there is—and it is perennially salutary to remember it—another American past. Dimly seen and only partially coördinated though it may be, this past is as real and vigorous as any other part of the national story. We may find it hard to name. It may be easier to grasp theoretically than to put into practice. But from the time when Spanish padres and Jesuit martyrs first hungered for the spirit of the mighty continent flung out prodigally before them, the soil upon which we live has been dedicated to its great adventurous pursuit. The power of what we can only term Christendom has struggled, won and lost upon almost every hill we know by name. You cannot think of California without recalling Junípero Serra; the Mississippi is only a muddy river without the shades of De Soto and Marquette.

Like a branch of the same ideal stream, the Anglican South has beautified the better moments of its career. The manhood of Lee, the art of Poe, the lyrical reflectiveness of Tabb, the charity of Joel Chandler Harris, even the sobbing of Paul Dunbar—these things are as inconceivably a part of New England as they are inconceivable apart from the United States. Much of various kinds could be added to complete the summary; and it would be magnificent when complete. The one common thought which has unified this past is the sacramental view of life—a treasured inheritance whose lustre no differences of temperament or dogma could dim. That man lives to expand courageously his vision of reality; that the universe is a garment God made for His holiday, and not a snare or an illusion; that laughter is the fife of victory and not the shriek of hopelessness—these things have been held sacred in America for 300 years and more. But they have never ruled because they were never localized. The delicate scent of them was flung everywhere, but no one could tell where the flowers grew.

And so, when we today find ourselves standing apart from the naturalist and his origins, why should we not take root deeply in this past, our past, instead of tinkering feebly with an antiquated platform in which we have never actually believed? When we are told that Puritanism is a sham, we may answer that we have long known it for a heresy. If someone bids us uphold the truth, we shall show him that we have fought for it on many a field. And to each and every form of erotic insanity, our reply can be what it has always been—the laughter of heroes. For, after all, the great moods of Christendom have been the only strong, abiding impulses of the artistic and meditative life of the race.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE letter of explanation, sent officially to the editor of the New York Times by the Brazilian Ambassador, lays stress upon an aspect of the League of Nations which, though it should not have been isolated, perhaps, at a moment when decisive issues were at stake, is bound to become more and more important. "The interest of Brazil in the League and her appreciation of the treaties of Locarno, no matter how great they were, and indeed, continue to be," says the letter, "could not permit Brazil to subordinate the world policy at large to an agreement which is no doubt relevant, but is, nevertheless, only regional or, at most, continental in Europe." To this it might be objected that "world policy" hinges at the present moment upon whether or not amity can be created in Europe; that this "policy" grew directly out of a war which, though it involved American nations, was preeminently a continental struggle; and that, disguised though it may be, Brazil's action completely disregarded issues which had the international right of way. But possibly the League is really a continental organization. It may be that the problems which it must attempt to settle are, as the past several years would seem to indicate, aloof from the difficulties with which a country like Brazil will reckon. Surely this distinction is worthy of more careful consideration than has hitherto been given it, particularly in view of the long-continued abstention of the United States from Geneva and its activities.

IN so far as the European nations themselves are concerned, it is natural that the outcome of the recent entanglement should find England relatively optimistic and France outspokenly doubtful. "The shock has shaken us out of the complacency that had settled upon us after Locarno last year," said Lord Grey, voicing the confidence that even though an international highway might be gritty and dangerous, it is better than no such highway at all. Of especial interest was the utterly discredited announcement that the Vatican had supported Brazil in its claim for a seat. This news report was so contrary to the spirit in which the Holy See has viewed the work of the League that it is difficult to fathom the process by which it was manufactured. Although it has never been invited to take an official share in Geneva conferences, the papal government has worked for organization in a spirit of impartiality and benignance. Surely the hour has come for a fuller recognition of some such history of Vatican diplomacy as that written by Friedrich von Lama, portions of which, from time to time, have been outlined in The Commonweal.

AT a moment when crime is considered the biggest skeleton in the nation's closet, the tribute paid by a veteran judge to a Catholic moral redemptive agency is of signal importance. Judge Max S. Levine, of New York City, in General Sessions caused to be entered into the record an account of what the archdiocesan Probation Bureau had done for men who came under his notice. He pointed out instances of offenders who had been helped to lead honest lives, and other instances of close, kindly contact between criminally-minded individuals and the bureau. "It is the best institution of its kind in the United States," he said. "Its achievements in the year that has elapsed since its reorganization have evidenced the success of the Cardinal's plan. A thoroughgoing testing of the possibilities of probation as a reformative agency with early and young offenders under the most favorable auspices, and supported by an adequate and competent organization, has been given, with most favorable results. The State Probation Commission has stated that the best probation work for adult offenders to be found in the United States is done by this bureau." For what it is, the bureau is not merely deserving of support; it should be taken as a norm for the endeavor to change the victims of circumstance to victors over circumstance.

IN this connection, at least one of the experienced criminal judges of Chicago has expressed a vigorous approval of the attention to be directed to religious ideals as a result of the Eucharistic Congress. Judge Francis Borelli, of the Harrison Street police court (one of the busiest and most interesting tribunals of its kind in the United States) believes that "the example of thousands of pilgrims journeying from all over the world" will have a salutary effect upon many who think that Christian morals are no longer bind-

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ing. "In my experience I have found," says Judge Borelli, "that in most cases in my court, the defendant is wholly without religion. The usual case is that of an individual, formerly a church member, who has fallen away from his religion; and his loss of faith is largely responsible for his criminal activities. I know the great force of any religious movement in reforming criminals and in deterring others from violation of the law. The combative effect of religion against crime has so often been displayed that no one can doubt its efficacy. To one whose daily work is dealing with criminals, the need of religion becomes doubly evident when he views the results of its absence in those arraigned in court." We find a corollary to these remarks in the statement of an aging Chicago priest that, among those who now come for instruction preparatory for marriage with a Catholic, there is a constantly increasing number of persons ignorant of the very fact that Jesus Christ existed. What hope is there for morals when there is missing even the knowledge of redemption?

MR. THOMAS WOODLOCK'S share in the victory which finally brought him a confirmed appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission is definite and sizeable. People who had heard only a very little concerning him are now convinced, as a result of the discussion which has enlivened the press for so many months, of his integrity, his knowledge of the problems with which the commission must deal, and—above all—of his emancipation from the bondage of Wall Street. Mr. Woodlock is now accepted at par—as a public servant with an intelligent conscience. But the President's share in the jubilation is seriously modified by a compromise with the senatorial group which, for a time, bade fair to annul the appointment. The nation stared more than a little dubiously at the following announcement from the White House: "In filling future vacancies on the Interstate Commerce Commission, President Coolidge intends to give special consideration to the South, the Southwest and Pennsylvania." Are we to suppose that hereafter this essential commission will bear upon its separate backs the label of its origins? The answer is given in one word—"Pennsylvania." It testifies to the prowess of Senator Reed, who inferred that the permanence of himself and his party in the historical record of the state might be dependent not a little upon enticing gifts brought home from Washington.

THE Senator blocked Mr. Woodlock's appointment; and finally, though he could not emerge with a triumphant protegé, he did sail off gingerly with a principle. Hereafter, the nominees will realize from what part of the world they are expected to arise. And the order is climatic, pertinently, unmistakably so. One wonders merely if the new system is a result of the President's fondness for local government and the separate states, or if he turned over the recipe to Senator Reed in order to avoid the embarrassment of not being able to give him the pie?

IF anything could make the cloud of fatality that rests upon the outbreak of the great war in August, 1914, deeper and denser, it would be the communication, just made to the Vienna Reichspost by Baron Johannes Eichhoff, an intimate counsellor of the murdered Archduke Ferdinand, of a draft constitution for the Hapsburg empire which the heir to the throne intended to submit as soon as he succeeded—an event which, in the course of nature was scheduled to come about in a very few years. This constitution would have granted to the multiple nationalities which composed the population of the diarchy (Germans, Hungarians, Czechoslovakians, Poles, Ruthenians, Croatians, and Italians) state rights in every respect similar to those enjoyed by the various units of the United States, with a federal government at Vienna as at Washington. Whether it could have been put through without arousing national passions and racial rivalries is, of course, an open question. Baron Margutti, in a memoir of Emperor Franz Josef which was published in New York some two or three years ago, hinted pretty broadly at the opposition it would have encountered at the hands of the Magyars. But at least it is now plain that Europe went to pieces on the very eve of a measure that might have indefinitely ensured the political and economic balance it is now struggling so desperately to acquire.

THE bill introduced by Lord Gorell into the English House of Lords, which aims to free authors from the libelous perils contingent on their use of actual names for unsavory characters, will lift a peril that has pressed hard upon writers of fiction on the other side for many years. The actual law, absurd as it seems, constituted a very real grievance, as proved by abundant cases in which unwitting offenders have been cast in damages. The simple alternative, which has been proposed at such times, of using names so undistinguished and general that no possible intention to libel could be adduced, was no real remedy. Writers are a temperamental lot, and the sacrifice entailed by changing at the eleventh hour, a name which has come to be identified with the blood and bones of their imaginary people, is not to be explained away in terms of the lay mind.

TO the imaginative, names have faces. Many authors, our own Henry James is one, have felt a positive joy in the discovery over store-fronts or in country churchyards, of uncanny patronymics whose very vocables set a train of thought in motion for which literature is the richer. A monograph, and a very interesting one, might be written on the varying practice of the literary giants in this regard. Some

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seem to have had no care in the matter at all, labeling their characters apparently by haphazard. Others, like Thackeray, show a quite deadly skill in making very common names significant (what could be a more inevitable name for the parasite of the wicked Marquis of Steyne than Wenham?). Even those who, like Dickens, have apparently let imagination run riot are found, on examination, to be surprisingly documented. When a real Snodgrass is discovered to have been a very distinguished officer in the Peninsular War, a real Pickwick to have been a coaching contractor, and when Winkles and Tupmans make their appearance in city directories, it is evident that few authors are secure from the dangers which this new bill is expected to divert.

DR. JOSEPH JASTROW, professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, may be right when he tells his audience that they are "heirs of all the wisdom of the ages." But when the learned Doctor goes on to assert that "the only child with a chance of growing up normally," today is "the child reared in an orphan asylum," we are led to wonder whether the Doctor has not been cheated out of his own share in the secular inheritance of common sense. We should have thought that, if one fact stands out from the investigations conducted by lovers of childhood in the near past, it is that the "institutional child" enters life with an initial handicap that only the best of subsequent luck overcomes. Subjected to mass discipline at the very age when the tender and sensitive organism of individual character is forming, and only too often a docile and unresisting host for experiments by faddists and cranks, the child in state institutions runs a double danger. He or she may come to the threshold of adult life dependent on outside direction for every impulse to good, or with a heart prematurely embittered by revolt against everything it has missed. One thing, and one thing only, can supply the place of the family for the orphan child. This is adoption into the Family of which Joseph and Mary are the eternal heads, and the Fatherhood of Him Who had no place whereon to lay His Head.

AN extremely able and illuminating article on the present position of Judaism in the United States by the editor of the Menorah Journal, and published in the February issue of that magazine, may well be laid to heart by others outside the communion for which it was primarily written. The title of the article, Watchman, What of the Day?, is arousing. It suggests an awakening upon practical problems of a race that has lived its racial life for 1,800 years sustained by a great dream, and which now finds itself confronted by problems which it must perforce share with millions who have no part in its beliefs and whose background is entirely alien. "On every side," notes Mr. Henry Hurwitz, "we are assailed, solicited, enchanted by things and influences that are not Jewish . . . Zionism admittedly is no answer to the problem of the great majority of Jews who will continue to live in the Diaspora." That this awakening has its dangers and has resulted in terrible losses to the fabric of Jewish faith, the editor of the Menorah Journal frankly admits. "Since our political emancipation, a century or more ago," he notes, "Judaism has been losing many of its finest minds and spirits. . . . These men, frequently men and women of the highest intellect, simply did not find in the Judaism that belonged to their day the satisfaction of their spiritual wants."

THE loss to religion, even though it be not the religion of Christ, implied in this severance from dogma of so many keen minds and warm hearts is not deplored by Catholics alone. No thoughtful man denies to the Jew a special faculty for thinking in his heart, and a very real hunger and thirst after corporate righteousness. This was his from the beginning, and the circumstances of his own steadfast and persecuted life have intensified it. But no thoughtful man will not realize that in this very enthusiasm a danger lurks that becomes terribly evident when the restraints of tradition are cast off. In a very real sense, the Jew is a late-comer upon the political and social scene. The ostracism that rested upon his people and his religion for so many centuries has had results that are good and that are bad. It has kept his passion for social justice singularly intact and impersonal. But it has kept him apart from a whole world of effort and experience, robbed him of his fitting share in the triumphs that have been registered during the centuries of his seclusion, and the bitter but salutary lessons of so many failures. It is because the Menorah movement, linked up as it is to a study of post-biblical history, is aimed to supply this lacuna in Jewish training, that it deserves the warm support of all who make social righteousness their goal.

CATHOLICS in Protestant countries are sharers, to a quite remarkable extent, in the historical obliquity that has rested upon the Jewish people in Christendom. Just as, for too many people, the history of Jewry, as of living, breathing human entities, ceases at the dispersion, so does the history of Catholics, the Reformation accomplished, fall under the obliteration of a common fear and distaste. Anything that will, so to speak, humanize the story, emphasize the lesson that human destinies which have brought us to our own day are a common heritage and that their result is a common responsibility, will be work worthy of the historian. It is not too much to say that the program which the Menorah Journal has set for its own people, might well, by changing a word here and there, stand for the program which The Commonweal has set as its goal.

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THE death of Philippe, duc d'Orléans, in Sicily is an event that does not appreciably ruffle the surface of history. Despite the noise and enterprise of his partisans, led by the redoubtable Léon Daudet, his reversionary interest in the French crown could probably have been sold for a very slight sum on any of the speculative markets in Europe during the past twenty years. The strange fatality that rested upon the Bourbons in exile weighed heavily upon the man who carried the mask of the roi soleil above a square-cut beard of beaver proportions. Even his gesture in Paris thirty years ago, when he insisted upon his right as a son of France of drawing his number in the annual draft, was robbed of all dignity and overwhelmed in laughter as reports of the amount of food consumed daily by the distinguished prisoner at St. Pelagie were communicated to the press by a malevolent government. Nothing kills in France so surely as ridicule. The history of the French royal family during their long and recurrent exiles is not a particularly cheerful one. They have borne their hard lot with a stoicism that is not without a certain dignity. But the passionate loyalty such as the Stuarts called forth has, in their case, been chilled by a certain sluggishness and inability to rise worthily to high and heroic occasions. Even the national glories associated with their names have been obliterated by the Napoleonic legend. The heritage of twenty generations during which everything was done for you by someone else is hard to overcome. It is one of the revenges of history that divine right begets inertia in its descendants as surely as excessive indulgence in food and drink generates uric acid in the system.

THE Stabat Mater Dolorosa, a translation of which by Thomas Walsh is published in this issue of The Commonweal, is one of the great liturgical poems of the Church and was already generally known throughout the Christian world before the end of the fourteenth century. Its authorship has been ascribed to Saint Gregory the Great (d.604), Saint Bernard of Clairvaux (d.1153), Pope Innocent III (d.1216), Saint Bonaventure (d.1274), Jacopone da Todi (d.1306), Pope John XXII (d.1334), and Gregory XI (d.1378). The critics, attributing it to the authorship of the Franciscan Jacopone da Todi, do not seem to carry the weight of the authorities that give credit for the poem to "the great and cold intellect" of Pope Innocent III. Many musicians have given settings to this vivid little epic. There are four plain-song versions, besides those of Josquin des Pres, Palestrina (two versions), Pergolesi, Haydn, Rossini (in his splendid dramatic setting) and later, Dvorak. Among the English translators are some of the greatest literary scholars, among them Dr. Abraham Coles, Edward Caswall, D. F. McCarthy, Aubrey de Vere, John Bannister Tabb, and H. T. Henry. The new version by Thomas Walsh attempts a rendering as close as possible of the original Latin poem and its metre.

DURING the course of the Maryland commemoration it was a pleasure to learn that many a writer of an older period had discerned the value of the Calvert experiment in religious tolerance. The following passage from Cardinal Manning's Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance, is quoted as one among several notable tributes. "It was by conviction of the reason and persuasion of the will," wrote the Cardinal, "that the world-wide unity of faith and communion were slowly built up among the nations. When once shattered, nothing but conviction and persuasion can restore it. Lord Baltimore was surrounded by a multitude scattered by the wreck of the Tudor persecutions; he knew that God alone could build them up again into unity, but that the equity of charity might enable them to protect and keep each other, and to promote the common weal." This noble "equity of charity" was never more necessary than now, so that the commemoration of the Calverts was a salutary festival which cannot be noticed without warm feelings of gratitude and an abiding conviction that conscience should make, not cowards, but lovers of us all.

THE question of how many persons this earth could accommodate as a maximum has often been debated. It greatly troubled the mind of that Anglican divine, Mr. Malthus, whose book stimulated Darwin and Wallace, and who has given a name to a sisterhood of which it is highly probable he would not feel particularly proud if he were living today. The estimated population of the world is approximately 1,700,000,000. It ranges from about one hundred to the square mile in Europe, excluding the Arctic regions, to nine in America, again with the same exclusion, and one and one-half in Oceania. In this matter, the vast desert tracts must not be left out of consideration, for the Sahara and Libyan Deserts are larger in area than the entire United States. Sir George Knibbs has recently published the result of his studies on this subject in Science, and his conclusions are that, if it were possible for every two and one-half acres of the world's surface to support one person, then the final maximum of 13,440,000,000 might be reached. But obviously there are a great many millions of acres which, taken together, would not feed a goat—to say nothing of a human being. If all the existing arable land in the world could carry three persons per acre, there might be 9,792,000,000. Under present agricultural methods this could not be done, but possibly under more intensive cultivation the maximum might be approached. One thing is evident—plenty of room remains on a planet that is much overcrowded in spots. What seems most needed is a better proportionate adjustment of population.

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MARYLAND DAY

THE celebration this year of Maryland Day, not only in the chief city of that state, but in such far centres as Chicago, and Norwalk, Connecticut, upon a scale hitherto not attempted, and with the presence of distinguished figures in the political life of the nation as guests and speakers, is one proof the more of the value of local tradition, piously cultivated, and of the happy tendency of regional history to take its proper place, by sheer force of events, in that larger life story from which the policy of the present looks for its inspiration in national crises and difficulties.

Life is a conspiracy against memory, and those are doing good work to the state who rescue from all danger of oblivion any of history's heartening and inspiring traditions.

The comparative obscurity that has rested for years upon the memory of Calvert's effort as a national, apart from a local event, is a strange example of the accidents to which history is subject. Nothing is to be gained now by considering the reasons that lay behind its relegation by official text-books to a place very far behind its real significance. It is very probable that the treatment accorded it was not of deliberate intent at all, and is to be ascribed mainly to the vast volume of literature, historical and imaginative, which has focussed itself round an earlier and very different incident. What is important and encouraging to consider today is that the veil which has covered the foundation of Maryland, as a community where men of every religion might breathe the air of tolerance, is lifting, and is lifting, first and foremost, because recent incidents, and still more, the revelation of certain tendencies unsuspected in our national life for 150 years, has given a fresh and sharp significance to toleration, considered as an unassailable principle in our national life. Whenever any alarm or misgiving seizes upon the imagination of a people, a renewed attention, almost instinctive, is paid to the figures in its past who stand as sponsors of the threatened heritage.

The passage of time will add or detract nothing from the prestige of George Calvert. But in March, 1926, eight years before the three hundredth anniversary of his brave and farsighted adventure will be celebrated with fitting pomp and circumstance, he stands forth immeasurably more significant a figure than he has ever been in the past.

In this year's commemoration, all the elements which mark the emergence of a memory from local to national rank are to be noted. At Baltimore a platform as undenominational as it was representative made a point of putting aside, for the occasion, the religious and regional significance of the celebration, and of stressing the importance to the entire nation in present conjunctures of the root principle for which Calvert's name stands. Governor Albert C. Ritchie, the state executive; Attorney General Thomas H. Robinson; the Honorable William L. Marbury, president of the Sons of the American Revolution, in one eloquent speech after another proposed the name of the gentle and self-sacrificing peer from England as a rallying point for state rule, sane human liberty, and the inherent right of communities which have achieved a communal civilization all their own, doubly precious to them because it is compounded of the very dust of the men whose names they bear, to maintain the vividness and individual hues of their state complexion against obliteration and standardization that comes from over-centralized government. The tribute paid by these men, alien as their faith is to Calvert's, to his part in humanizing the history of the early settlement did not fall one whit behind the enthusiasm of Dr. Peter Guilday, past president of the American Catholic Historical Association, or of Reverend John Lafarge, S.J., whose church stands upon the very spot of land first sighted by the Ark and the Dove. And an historical significance that must have fired a train of thought in the least inflammable imagination was lent by the presence of the British Ambassador, Sir Esmé Howard, who, in recalling the history of the settlement, could tell the audience that two of his immediate family had died, martyrs to the persecution from which Calvert and his associates sought refuge in a new continent.

From Chicago, where Dr. John A. Lapp, president of the Calvert Club, had as fellow speakers the city executive, Mayor Dever, and the former governor of the state whose founders sought, by every means in their power, to bring the experiment of toleration to nought; from Norwalk, in Connecticut, where Dr. Condé Pallen, an editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia; and Mr. Edward J. Quinlan were the speakers, come the same reports of a newly aroused enthusiasm and interest in the figure of Calvert.

The tercentenary celebrations are still eight years ahead, and it is idle to speculate what happenings in the interim may lend new significance to the imposing form they are certain to take. What stands out from the success of this year's celebration is the fact that the pious cult which has enshrined Calvert's memory in the comparative obscurity of local commemorations was guided by a truer and more universal instinct than appeared at the time. It is no longer Maryland's debt, it is not even the debt which Catholicism in the western world owes him that is now seen to be his chief distinction. The founder of Maryland is quite simply taking his fitting place in history, a singularly significant and forehanded figure, the first to assert the principles upon which America would grow and prosper 140 years before the nation came into being.

(Through the generosity of Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, a prize of $1,000 will be offered for the best essay on Maryland's early history submitted to The Commonweal. Announcement of the conditions will be made in full in our next issue.—The Editors.)

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BLIND MEN IN MEXICO

THE one thing that becomes more and more evident during the course of the Mexican controversy is that sooner or later, for the sake of elemental human harmony, Americans will have to know what they are talking about. There must be an honest and above-board presentation of facts concerning Mexico, independent of "oil" and racial feeling. Above all, we shall have to eliminate from the public mind a variety of propaganda which is the more insidious because it parades highly recommended. The coming Senate hearings ought to provide something toward the success of this surgery. Meanwhile it will be profitable to examine the little-known records of the hearing before a subcommittee of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Sixty-sixth Congress.

Enter there, Reverend Samuel Guy Inman, secretary of the (missionary) committee on coöperation in Latin America, representing thirty mission boards, known as the author of a book about Mexico, and wearing fresh laurels gathered on the platform and in the press. What we quote here is a mere sample illustrative of the method in which Dr. Inman proved statements which he had fed to the public unhesitatingly and zealously:

> The Chairman: I notice you say here: "The Mexicans are an exploited people. The land baron and the priest have continued their holy alliance from the days of the Conquistadores till the present, playing alternately the one into the hands of the other, to keep the people in ignorance, superstition, and debt, so that the exploitation, both by padre and amo, would be sure and easy." That statement is made after due deliberation, is it?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes.
>
> The Chairman: I notice you say that: "Foreign capitalists, with their immense concessions, have usually been willing to join the system of exploitation." That is true, is it?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes.
>
> The Chairman: What immense concession do you know of, within your knowledge, that is held by any foreigner, American or other foreigner, in Mexico?
>
> Dr. Inman: I cannot recall any just at present.
>
> The Chairman: How would the holding of any such concession, unless you can recall such concession, enable one to exploit the people of Mexico? In other words, what character of concession must it be?
>
> Dr. Inman: I should think it would be a concession from the government.
>
> The Chairman: What character of concession?
>
> Dr. Inman: Excusing them, for example, from taxation and giving them certain privileges.
>
> The Chairman: What character of concession have you in mind?
>
> Dr. Inman: You take any number of those references that are made in Turner's book on Mexico.
>
> The Chairman: You refer to Kenneth Turner?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes.
>
> The Chairman: Barbarous Mexico?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes, sir.
>
> The Chairman: Written in collaboration, I believe, with Guitterez DeLara?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes.
>
> The Chairman: Do you regard that as authority?
>
> Dr. Inman: I regard a good many statements in there as true; yes, sir.
>
> The Chairman: Have you taken any steps to corroborate those statements in there that you say are true?
>
> Dr. Inman: No steps to corroborate them; no.
>
> The Chairman: You just regard them as true because you have read them?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes.

It may be inferred from this little passage at arms that the worthy Doctor was nothing if not a pragmatist in his attitude toward evidence. He read what he wanted to read; he believed what he wished to believe. And why? The answer to that question would be a long story, but those who care for inferences will find much to guide them in Dr. Inman's account of the intimacy which existed between him, his friends, and General Carranza during the 1917 period. Perhaps the following brief excerpt from the records of the hearing may, however, throw some flitting light on the matter. It should, no doubt, be added that most Americans will grant the Protestant missionary workers their title to spiritual territory in Mexico. What they cannot admit is that a right to manufacture facts is thrown into the bargain:

> The Chairman: And do you coöperate with the Catholic Church?
>
> Dr. Inman: Not in any direct organization, at these times which I have been speaking of. We gladly cooperate, or would gladly coöperate, with them in such movements as temperance or civic organization caring for the distressed, or anything of that kind. But I may say, Mr. Chairman, that our object in this program is, we trust, not simply to convert Mexican people—
>
> The Chairman (interrupting): You say "convert them." How do you mean "convert them"?
>
> Dr. Inman: I mean to bring them into the church.
>
> The Chairman: Do you mean to change them from one religion to another?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes, sir.
>
> The Chairman: What religion have they now, those whom you have been converting?
>
> Dr. Inman: There are a good many of them who have not any religion at all; but the people there are Catholics.
>
> The Chairman: A large majority of the people there are Catholics?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes, sir. We are laying the movement as you will see, on the plan of service in our program and while, of course, we have our religious convictions, and we intend to stand by these, yet we are down there simply for the purpose of changing theological beliefs.
>
> The Chairman: Proselytizing you mean?
>
> Dr. Inman: Yes; and we are making every endeavor to lay the program on the ground of social service.

This ground was apparently not solid enough to prevent the Doctor from shifting picturesquely in so far as more theoretic matters were concerned.

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THE CROSS IN INDIA

By ELIZABETH S. KITE

THE recent founding in Washington, D. C., of the International Society of Lay Medical Missionaries with the coöperation of the Foreign Missionary Seminary of the Holy Cross and under the direction of Dr. Anna Dengel, brings forcibly to the fore the question of work for the salvation of souls in mission lands, especially in India.

Long ago it was realized by Protestant workers that though caste Hindus as a rule were not open to conversion, yet there was an avenue which permitted effective penetration of social classs in India and that it lay along lines of medical relief.

Granted that Protestantism, even while aided by government prestige and by powerful and extended campaigns of propaganda, has made little progress toward the conversion of caste Hindus to Christianity, the question may be asked whether the quieter methods of Catholicism have been any more successful. If we accept the dictum of Reverend E. R. Hull (until recently editor of the Bombay Examiner) then we shall be compelled to admit a like failure.

One of the greatest obstacles to conversion he finds in the fact that the educated Hindu is completely satisfied with his own religion, and therefore has no motive for change. Broadly tolerant by instinct, he is willing to examine any system and even to assimilate what appeals to him. Usually, however, "he rounds off his praises by saying: 'We have the same in our Vedas.'" Thus the moral teaching of the New Testament is accepted by him. "Miracles," says Father Hull, "excite no surprise, for his own religion is full of even more striking phenomena. . . . The recommendations of prayer, meditation, alms-deeds, and fasting will be familiar to him. . . . The spectacle of God dying for the sins of the world will remind him of similar ideas in his own sacred literature, while the incarnation will fit in perfectly with the avatars of Vishnu and Krishna."

Passing now to the other side of the question, namely, the essential differences which reveal the chasm which separates the two religions, Father Hull notes the initial difficulty in discovering the exact tenets of Hinduism: "there is," he says, "no formulated creed or code to be repeated by heart; no manuals of dogmatic or moral philosophy, ritual or canon law." There is no hierarchy with authority to teach or to preach, no imposition of dogma under pain of sin. On the contrary, Hinduism is eclectic; among its great variety of doctrines and practices, each is at liberty to choose what is personally appealing and to leave what is not. This tolerance is one of the chief glories of Hinduism in the eyes of its votaries, but the very readiness of the Hindu mind to accept the doctrine of Christ's divinity proves a stumbling block in the way of recognizing Him as uniquely divine, the only Son of the Father.

Again, Hinduism, while accepting the avatars as God incarnate, has no doctrine analogous to that of Christianity which teaches that the incarnation lifted man to a closer relation with God, or of the Redemption of man having been effected once for all through the death of the God-man upon the cross. Furthermore, there is nothing to be found in Hindu teaching suggestive of the Christian's hope in God's mercy and His forgiveness of sin.

Then there is the fundamental difference touching religion as a whole. The Hindu sees all religions as at base essentially one, differing only as to form. The form of religion he considers as something racial and local, therefore not universal. To him the form does not matter, it is only the substance which counts. "But," says Father Hull, "the form is essential in Christianity and it is here exactly that the difficulty comes in . . . for Christianity is essentially a universal and not a racial or local religion."

Mahatma Gandhi, in 1921, at a conference of the Suppressed Classes, thus clarified the Hindu view: "There was a time when I wavered between Hinduism and Christianity. When I regained my balance of mind I felt that to me, salvation was possible only through the Hindu religion and my faith in Hinduism grew deeper and more enlightened."

Again, writing during the same year to a Christian non-coöperator who asked his advice on definite subjects, Gandhi says: "I consider western Christianity in its practical workings a negation of Christ's Christianity. I cannot conceive of Jesus, if He were living in the flesh in our midst, approving of modern Christian organizations, public worship, or modern ministry. If Indian Christians would simply cling to the Sermon on the Mount, which was delivered not merely to the peaceful disciples but to a groaning world, they would not go wrong, and they would find that no religion is false and . . . they would not need to worry about organizations and forms of worship."

The poet Tagore, while differing on many points from Mahatma Gandhi on what is necessary for the well-being of India, is one with him in a belief that a purified Hinduism is the religion to which she must cling. Like Gandhi, his knowledge of Christianity has come to him mainly through non-Catholic contacts and writings. Once, it is true, at Saint Xavier's, as he tells us in his Reminiscences, the touch of a hand and a gentle word from one of the Fathers left a memory time could never efface. It was a Spanish Jesuit, understanding little English, who was occasionally put

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in charge of the class. "Whenever I looked at him," the poet says, "his spirit seemed to be in prayer . . . I felt in him a great soul, and even today the recollection of it seems to give me a passport into the silent seclusion of the temple of God." But what he calls the "stone mill of the outward form of religion" crushed his young spirit and he soon left Saint Xavier's. Thus the form, the organization, the rigidity of doctrine, these glories of the Catholic Church, repel from the outset the Hindu mind, accustomed, through thousands of years, to individual eclecticism in matters of belief.

Unlike Mahatma Gandhi, the poet is far from repudiating the achievement of the civilization of the West, but has failed to grasp the historic rôle of the Catholic Church as the basis of that achievement. In a comparatively recent number of his Visva-Bharati Quarterly, the poet compares Europe and India. He says: "What has given such enormous intellectual power to Europe is her concentration of mind. She has evolved a means by which all the countries of that continent can think together. All her different thought-rays have been focussed in one common culture, which finds complete expression in all her great European universities."

What it was that "focussed that common culture" is withheld from the poet's vision. It has not been given him to see that it was the giant grip of the Catholic Church acting through the course of long centuries, that finally made it possible for Europe to "think together." He, however, indicates the need of such a coercive force for he continues: "The mind of India, on the other hand, is divided and scattered; there is no common pathway along which we may reach it. Up to the present in all our patriotic endeavors, our effort has been to establish our unity upon the basis of our common interest in the political or economic situation. It is like gathering coals for our railroad journey, while the locomotive is nowhere to be found."

It must be admitted that the difficulties in the way of winning over India to the Faith are stupendous, but shall the Catholic Church, therefore, deem the task impossible of accomplishment? For answer one needs but to go back 300 years to find it written large across the map of South India.

The apostolic work of Saint Francis Xavier has been made familiar to all Americans through the preaching of the Novena of Grace during March of each year. In the space of less than three years—October, 1542 to August, 1545—it has been computed that he baptized some 22,000 neophytes, for whom he prepared, along with 11,000 others already baptized, the necessary instructions and prayers in their native dialects, besides developing an organization fitted to their immediate and their future needs. So adequate, indeed, was his plan of organization that "it has been copied in all subsequent Indian missions."

Stupendous as was this accomplishment, it must not be forgotten that Saint Francis touched only the lowest classes and these only in that part of India along the west coast which had fallen under the rule of the Portuguese, for with this power went a system of "compelle entrare ad nuptias" from which caste Hindus freed themselves by choosing exile or death. It remained, therefore, for a follower of Saint Francis, one imbued with a like spirit of zeal and of Christian charity, to bring about for the first time the conversion of enlightened Hindus to Christianity.

Robert de Nobili, a young and high-born Italian Jesuit, having been assigned in 1605 to Madura, centre of a great university and of Brahamistic culture for South India, adopted the method of Saint Paul, making himself a Brahman to gain the Brahmans. At the first, he cut himself off from association with the outside world and because of the odium in which all Christians were held by the Hindus, refrained for the time being from even using the name. Taking a mud hut in the Brahman quarter of the city, employing only Brahman servants, assuming the costume of a Brahman Sanyasi or penitent, he gave himself out as a priest of a superior order from the West.

In this seclusion, following a life of the most severe asceticism, he devoted himself to a study of the Tamil and Telegu languages, later adding Sanskrit; and of the sacred literature and philosophy of the Brahman schools. He restricted himself to one scant meal a day from which all animal food was excluded; he slept on a straw mat spread on the mud floor of the hut and accommodating himself to Indian custom, he used neither desk, chair, nor other furniture. In the beginning he saw no one but his servants and never stirred abroad.

The greatest curiosity was aroused by this procedure and soon many Brahmans called, hoping to get a sight of this strange ascetic from the West; but all were courteously refused. Finally, when the time seemed ripe, a studied ceremonial having been prescribed to satisfy oriental ideas of dignity, one distinguished Brahman was permitted entrance. He found Father de Nobili, now able to converse with his guest, the soul of courtesy and sweetness. A philosophical discussion started which was continued through twenty meetings at the end of which time the Brahman announced himself vanquished and submitted to baptism. This was the beginning of a movement that at one time seemed likely to spread over the whole of South India. Serious difficulties later arose, however, largely caused by problems of jurisdiction, and it was not until the Concordat of 1886, made by the great Pope Leo XIII with Portugal, that peace was restored to the distracted mission field of South India.

In spite of all the obstacles put in his way, at the time of the death of Father de Nobili in 1656, the mission of Madura and its dependencies numbered

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40,000 Christians with thirty-two churches established. The work of evangelization thus begun was continued by such worthy successors as Blessed John de Britto, the Fathers Layez and Bouchet, Father Pierre Martin, and others. By the end of the seventeenth century Christians there totaled 100,000.

Today, after the lapse of more than two centuries, the methods of de Nobili are being studied anew and his works, the result of a vast erudition, a deep sympathy, an ardent zeal, are being put into form capable of application to the needs of the hour. The headquarters of this school of missionary thought is in Calcutta with that of its organ, The Light of the East.

Notwithstanding all adverse circumstances, Catholic Indians number today almost three millions. A glance at the directory for India is calculated to fill one with amazement—the number of cities and towns where churches are to be found; the number of native priests; of marriages and baptisms; of conversions; of schools, colleges, orphanages, and seminaries; the number of religious orders, especially those of women.

Equally great must be the amazement of the Catholic traveler to find it possible to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, daily if desired, close to the great temples of Trichinopoly and Madura; near the banks of the sacred Ganges at Benares; amid the ancient glories of the Mogul cities of Agra and Delhi.

But there is another side to the picture. The wave of nationalism long stirring in the breast of India and which has become tidal since the close of the war, is slowly changing the entire mass of the 320,000,000 of her people. The mind of India is awakened as never before in her history, its whole energy being turned inward, seeking in the realm of her own heritage for a solution to her problems. For the Catholic Church to attempt to push matters during this crisis would only mean to indefinitely postpone the day of final triumph when "a knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." Therefore, in Catholic schools attended by Hindus there is today no attempt made to teach religion.

Nevertheless, the Catholic Church is making giant strides in winning to the Faith the aboriginal population scattered over India. Thus "in the Chutia Nagpur mission the Belgian Jesuits have converted and elevated socially, educationally, and economically, to a degree that is positively amazing, upwards of 200,000 Ouranon and Mundas within the past forty years. . . . In the American mission of the Dacca diocese, at least 50,000 of the Garos and other hill tribes are knocking at the door of the Church." Moreover, even among caste Hindus, subconsciously though it may be, the work of preparation of the ground is constantly going on, for caste Hindus in their thousands are attending Catholic schools all over India. Whatever the future of this land, one cannot doubt that the Catholic Church is destined to play a great rôle in the nation that is to be. Its roots are deep-set and it may be expected to weather any storm that may blow over it. But in the new era new forces must be employed. The great cry is for workers. In the Statistical Review of the 1904 Catholic Directory of India the following worthy recommendation is to be found: "In the glorious work of converting India it is meet that laymen—hitherto neglectful and neglected by an overworked clergy—should assert themselves as also instruments of God in building up the Church." This is the new force whose desire to coöperate is becoming articulate on every hand and whose plea cannot be denied. Special training, however, for this work is imperative. Indeed, today among the aboriginal converts, trained native catechists and the little barefoot Sisters are the mainstay of the clergy.

One of the points brought out in the prospectus of the above-named mission needs particular emphasis so that its importance may be rightly understood, namely, that "a knowledge of Christianity can reach the women of India only through women." This means that native priests even are helpless in the matter, and this regardless of how numerous they may become. The real significance of the fact lies deeper still for not until Indian women are brought to the Faith will Hinduism be vanquished.

It is one of those strange paradoxes of history that women in India, deprived for a thousand years of the possibility of exerting pressure from without, have nevertheless succeeded in developing a power from within whose influence is all the more real because veiled from the world. Unlettered as is more often the case, woman in India is a storehouse of divine tradition and in the intimacy of her contacts she molds the mind of succeeding generations in enduring form.

As proof of what Christian workers must overcome in changing the beliefs of Hindu women, witness the family of Mahatma Gandhi: Shrimati Kasturibai Gandhi is one of the gentlest, most modest, lovable and loving women in India. She has worked with her husband all over South Africa and through her own country, and has proved herself truly a mother to India's suffering millions. Small, frail, and shrinking, she reminds one of a nun in her white kaddar sari with the end thrown over the hair as is the custom in India; and yet, as a Hindu, she is a modern woman, and has even presided at the Woman's Congress held in conjunction with the National Congress. Even so, her conservatism is such that it has almost defied her husband's will to bring about a change and he has won only at the cost of self-inflicted fasts.

The above example points also the way. If India is to be won it can only be through self-sacrifice and love. The poet Tagore, speaking to an American missionary priest not long ago (Reverend M. Mathis) emphasized the fact that only one who was at heart an ascetic could influence his people. "India will always worship such a one," he said, "because asceticism is her religious ideal."

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DUBLIN AND DUBLIN'S CHILDREN

By PADRAIC COLUM

THERE are aspects of Dublin that all who have known the city easily recall. One can see it as George Moore saw it on a certain memorable afternoon, when "the houses on the other side, the quays themselves, the gulls floating between the bridges, everything seemed to have put off its habitual reality, to have sloughed it, and to have acquired another—a reality that we meet in dreams."

And there is another aspect that is even more easily recalled. One sees it on forenoons with great, grey clouds above it, and poising sea-birds; with its hills and its bay; with streets that everyone avoids, and with other streets that everyone parades; with its Green and its great park, and its river-walks. It is true that even while the light on the city is at its clearest, one is aware of habitants, who, as the policeman told the charwoman's daughter in James Stephens's delightful story, are born by stealth, eat by subterfuges, drink by dodges, get married by antics, and slide into death by strange subterranean passages.

Then there is the Dublin of the children. In Dublin more than in any other city I have ever been in, there seems to be a child-solidarity. At all hours of the day one encounters children—in the streets, in the parks, in the churches. They go about in groups with their little leaders, boys and girls, quite detached from parents, guardians, and elders of every kind. Follow one of these groups and you will hear conversations that have seriousness and continuity—a seriousness and a continuity that are often dissipated on the levels above childhood. "I was a Sinn Feiner all my life," says a little chap of eight or nine to his companions as they promenade the pavement along Stephens's Green. The remark is received with becoming seriousness. In Dublin I have always expected to come upon a complete sub-adult world, with a folk-mote that regulates the relations of all these child-groups to each other. There is a children's Dublin without doubt, and I have been in hopes that one of Dublin's writers—James Stephens, say—would get to know it, and would bring us into it.

One sees child-groups that exercise a like independence in Rome, and, perhaps, in other Italian cities. One has seen little groups in the Colosseum that are quite self-contained, particles of a sub-adult world. But how fortunate these children are—for long months they have blue skies above them, they have warmth, they have uncrowded spaces to go into. The children of the poor of Dublin know the misery of cold and damp; they live and they play in streets that are scourged with tuberculosis. Many of them are brought up under conditions in which child-mortality is twenty-six times as great as it would be in surroundings that we would regard as being nothing more than just decent.

The parents of most of the children who draw one's interest as one sees them going about in their self-contained little groups, suffer under desperate handicaps—casual employment, low wages, a shortage of decent houses for working people to live in. Dublin is a distributive rather than a manufacturing town—the cattle, sheep, pigs, butter, eggs, and other products that Ireland sells abroad pass through the port of Dublin; through it, too, come all the goods that Ireland buys abroad. There is hardly anything manufactured to balance this merely distributive business. Hence, employment is casual; work is, to a great extent, unskilled. Inevitably, with employment so unpromising, so casual, there is a drift to the lodging-houses and the tenement-houses. The tenement-houses! They are characteristic of the Dublin of our time—one might say that they are special to the Dublin of our time—and they are altogether different from the tenements that suggest a problem in housing in New York or any other American city.

As trade and fashion forsook Dublin after the union, the fine houses that had been built in desirable districts began to be let to families who would take a couple of rooms in them. The houses became dingier and dingier; more and more families came to live in them. Then a single room sheltered a family—often more than one family. Old houses become single-room tenements—that is the tenement problem in Dublin. In 1914, in a city of about 400,000 people, there were 21,000 families living in single rooms. In 1924, there were 40,000 families living in such tenements. Families in Dublin mean many children. The sight of eighty-four children in one house—not a house arranged in apartments, but an ordinary dwelling-house—made a reformer take up the task of getting houses built for the poorer people. What is life like in one of these tenements? Mrs. A lives on the top floor with husband and six children, eldest seven years, youngest three weeks. They are pallid and ailing for want of air, as the mother is not able to carry the baby-carriage up and down the stairs.

These old houses turned into tenements, with a family or families living in one room, make up Dublin's dreadful slum-area—a slum-area that spills over into the city's fine places, and that has left its mark upon the faces and the bodies of so many decent Dublin people. There are 251 families living in houses condemned as "dangerous to the public safety." There are 20,000 people living in insanitary houses—3,000 insanitary houses.

Such is the tragic background to the lives of the

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children whom we see in the streets, in the parks, in the churches, so independent, seemingly, and so self-contained. Hard-wrought parents have to throw a great deal of responsibility upon children of eight, ten, or twelve. And well do they meet their responsibilities, these children. You may see a little girl tidy up a room in a tenement, do the buying for the household, take her brothers and sisters to school, entertain them and their friends after school, take them to a promenade along the streets, or to play in the Green or the park, and provide them with information about the whole world, and teach them their catechism besides. And all the children of Dublin seem to have an interior life; they have reflection, they have humor.

The children do much—more than should be asked of them—to lighten the burden of the adults. But the adults of the classes who could do so, have done little so far to help the children—these children who look so quick, so intelligent, so resourceful, and who seem, too, to have a gift of happiness. However, something at last is being done, and a hospital has been established, named for that Irish saint who was called "the great sinless prince in whom the little ones are flourishing." In Dublin, out of every 1,000 babies, 164 die before reaching the first year. Saint Ultan's is for the treatment of infants suffering from non-infectious diseases. All the patients are under one year of age. Many cases are of undernourishment. It is the only hospital of its kind in Ireland. It is astonishing on what little revenue it is operated—less than $10,000 for the year 1924.

I have been in Saint Ultan's, and I have been impressed by the way that the children are taken care of—tenderly, and, as it seemed to me, upon sound lines. Here Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish children—we must not forget that there is a Jewish population in Dublin—are healed. It may be that a Saint Ultan's Society will sometime be able to do something for the sound children who should be the pride of Dublin, and help to get what is badly needed by them—better accommodations in the schools, more and better playgrounds, and libraries that have a variety of publications of interest to children. A great help to Dublin and the Dublin children would be a neighborhood house of the kind that is in many American cities. Saint Ultan's might sometime be able to organize and keep going a neighborhood house in one of the streets of single-room tenements.

OLD UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS

By A. I. DU P. COLEMAN

THE recent article by M. Jules Bois, entitled French Catholicism: a New Era (The Commonweal, March 17) produced a very odd impression on at least one reader. He rubbed his eyes; he looked at it again to convince himself that it had actually been written within the past twelvemonth. The last page, especially, is full of phrases which "date," as we say, unmistakably—they belong to 1890.

In the last decade of the nineteenth century the name of Archbishop Ireland was a name to conjure with in France, when French Catholics were repeatedly urged (as M. Bois urges them) to "imitate the American Catholic." "The way is open to the 'ralliement'—the sincere adhesion to the republic." This sentence must have been written between 1890 and 1892. "Such Catholicism was the solemn wish expressed by Cardinal Lavigerie and Pope Leo XIII." M. Bois is right, in spite of etiquette, in placing his authorities in this order, as has been abundantly shown by the documents published in Les Lettres last November and December, on the occasion of the Lavigerie centenary. In the 'nineties there were those who took the advice given today by M. Bois and attempted to form a Catholic party; its history is briefly chronicled by the Abbé Dimnet as "a woeful failure." The Comte de Mun, again—how 1890 it all is!

Let us leave all that and come down to 1926. We might have been more edified if we could have been among the 7,000 Catholics who crowded the Salle Wagram on February 26 to hear the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris enjoin them to insist on the recognition of the rights of God, bring about the abrogation of the secularist education laws, and recreate a Christian spirit in the nation. Or we might have learned something by attending the open-air meeting of 100,000 Breton Catholics two days later at Landerneau near Brest, assembled under the presidency of their bishop, to warn the government not to tamper further with their rights as citizens and as Christians.

If M. Bois's article were no more than a rehabilitation of the ancient theories of thirty years ago, there might be no great need to take note of it. But, unfortunately, through it all there runs a vein of language which is only too familiar to those who have followed closely the French history of the past score of years. There can be no mistake about it. When he says: "I vision a prosperous future for Catholics in France, provided that they do not follow the political fanatics, whose nationalist leaders are indeed, most of the time, Catholics rather in name than in fact, since they profess, more or less openly, atheism or agnosticism," one knows what he means. He means Charles Maurras and the Action Française.

Precisely these same things were said twenty years ago, with much garbling of quotations, by some fan-

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atics on the other side (including unhappily two or three priests) who seemed to place their democracy before their Catholicism. The most notorious of them was the irrepressible Marc Sangnier, founder of The Sillon, who still wanders about Paris, a rather ridiculous, disappointed elderly man, in even worse company than of old. In 1909 he took his stand publicly among the defenders of Thalamas, who, in a public lecture at the Sorbonne, had heaped foul insults on Saint Joan of Arc—the same Thalamas who in 1914 wrote an enthusiastic letter to Madame Caillaux commending her for having murdered M. Calmette, the editor of The Figaro. Is Marc Sangnier perchance among those who M. Bois says are "compromised" by the war on the republic—"those who are both good citizens and Catholics in the best sense"? Well—his organization was condemned and suppressed by Pope Pius X in 1910; and more than one book of the most prominent cleric, to employ M. Bois's language, is on the Index. Rome, evidently, does not consider them "Catholics in the best sense."

On the other hand, M. Maurras's writings on the relations between Church and state have had the honor of being cited with approval by one of the foremost of modern theologians, Cardinal Billot (De Ecclesia Christi, pages 36, 37.) No—these old stale accusations can mislead only those who have but a superficial acquaintance with the facts and personalities of French life. Unfortunately, there is room here to state no more than a few of these facts.

First, the very word "royalism" misleads many Americans; it sounds to them narrow, out of date, mediaeval. The connotation of the name Action Française includes, indeed, the return to monarchy, but is much wider than that. The movement stands for a lofty and unselfish patriotism, for a return to the best traditions in all departments of the national life. The services of these men to a republican government when and in so far as it was a patriot government—to M. Clemenceau during the war and M. Poincaré since—are recognized by all who know the facts.

Second, although the readers of M. Bois's article would go away with the impression that this is a free-thinking and "neo-pagan" group, those who know the facts are well aware that many of the oldest and most prominent leaders in it are practical Catholics; that the preponderant spirit of the rank and file is unquestioningly Catholic; and that there are plenty of instances of young men who have returned to the practice of religion as a result of their association with the Action Française, while it would be difficult to find one case of the opposite.

Third, "the government of the republic," says M. Bois, "is neither Jewish nor Protestant nor Catholic; it is not even, properly speaking, freethinking." Catholic it certainly is not. But not Jewish? Not Protestant? Not freethinking? Really, this is a strange assertion. Why, then, did it drive thousands of monks and nuns from their homes and their labors? Why did it ruthlessly confiscate Church property? Why did it set up a system of education from which the name of God was as far as possible excluded? Why did it break off relations with the Holy See? Why was a republican minister allowed to say: "We have driven Jesus Christ from the schools—now we will drive Him from the hospitals"? What is the meaning of the republican cry, from Gambetta's "Clericalism—there is the enemy!" to Caillaux's opening words in a speech after the electoral victory of May 11, 1924: "We are here to celebrate the triumph of the republic over clericalism"? Now—against all such acts of irreligious zeal the Action Française has for twenty-five years marched as a solid phalanx without a moment's wavering, inspired by the great leader who, M. Bois insinuates, "takes pleasure in announcing that he believes neither in God nor in the Gospel."

I shall not soon forget an interview I had last summer with M. Maurras—I do not need his permission to quote his words, for they are in line with what he has published over his signature a hundred times. "On croit, ou on ne croit pas," he said—one either believes or one doesn't believe; but the wistful look in his eyes made it sound like "one is lucky enough to have the Faith, or one isn't." "But," he went on, "I cannot understand any man calling himself a decent Frenchman and having anything but the utmost respect and veneration for the Catholic Church."

You should see the gleam of affectionate reverence in the eyes of all who know Charles Maurras, at any mention of his name. They know him for what he is—a man of stainless and incorruptible honor, more removed from any suspicion of self-seeking than any public man I know of; a keen and cogent thinker, and by general consent the greatest living writer of French prose; the master who has led the new generation to firm ground, out of the swamps of anarchic individualism in which they used to flounder after any will-o'-the-wisp when M. Bois and I were young. French Catholics might do very much worse, after all, than trust to his wisdom.

To—

(After Reading a Volume of Tales Translated from the Persian.)

Some day, perhaps, when you are gone from me,
And all the things we loved are veiled with dust,
And I am old and tired enough to trust
Myself alone with any memory,

I shall take down this book we have possessed
Together for a strange, enchanted hour,
And find my youth, a crisp and faded flower,
Between the brown-stained pages, neatly pressed.

HELENE MULLINS.

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DISARMAMENT: A MORAL ISSUE

By ELMER MURPHY

IN spite of dismay caused by the failure of the League of Nations to adjust its membership in conformity with the spirit of Locarno, the stage is virtually set for the preliminary conference at Geneva which, if all goes well, is to be the curtain raiser for the real disarmament drama to be performed later under the League of Nations' auspices.

Gradual as the approach to peace is, those who are preparing to chart the course are already impressed with the practical difficulties that will be encountered. They are immeasurably greater in Europe than in the United States. This self-contained country is not harassed by the proximity of neighbors whose political and economic motives are to be viewed with distrust, although relations are maintained upon a basis of conventional politeness and mutual respect. The Geneva Conference is not America's affair. The rôle to be played by the United States will be not unlike that of the chorus in Greek drama which interpreted dramatic events in the light of common destiny.

Nevertheless, this government will be expected to subscribe to whatever general principles of conduct may be evolved. It will be directly concerned with the shaping of formulae to bridge the gap between good intentions and good deeds.

Here lies the trouble. Diplomatic and military ingenuity will be put to the severest kind of test to find a common denominator for the wide variety of conditions prevailing in different countries. A defensive military establishment in France might be regarded as an offensive establishment in the United States. A manoeuvre might be nothing more than a prudent test of fitness in one country and a hostile threat in another. Mandatory powers who are playing the rôle of international policemen, need weapons that might be regarded as a menace in law-abiding nations.

These are some of the more obvious difficulties. The deeper one delves into the technical side of warfare, the more complicated the problems become. The use of gas, which will probably be one of the centres of discussion, is one of them. Gas was looked upon with horror by the world at large when the Hague Conferences were endeavoring to draw the line between legitimate fighting and wholesale murder, but since the establishment of chemical warfare as a branch of the military art it has come to be viewed in a different light. There are military men who assert that it is more humane to asphyxiate one's opponents than to shoot them to pieces with cannon.

This being true, there is a host of intricate questions to be answered if the limits of gas fighting are to be fixed. Where is the line to be drawn between offensive and defensive chemical warfare? When does scientific research pass from the stage of economic enterprise to the stage of praiseworthy development of defensive strength, and eventually to the stage of militaristic aggression? General Amos Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, holds that gas formulae have no military value until the possibilities of quantity production have been determined and a field test has been made. But that is only one viewpoint. If gas is to be permitted at all, the United States and Germany have in their factories and laboratories weapons of enormous potentiality compared with industrially undeveloped countries—and experience supports the view, however cynical it may be, that, once war is under way, the combatants will seize any weapon at hand, rules or no rules. This conclusion is formally recognized in the Washington treaties.

In the present state of things these questions may be interesting but they are not to the point. What the United States and other governments that are to participate in the preliminary conference at Geneva are more concerned with is not what they are to do at the disarmament conference—or, to be accurate, the conference on the limitation of armaments—but how they are to go about it.

A perfunctory look ahead discloses the multitude of perplexities the conferees will face, if disarmament is to be considered a political and military matter—perplexities more baffling than those with which the Washington Conference had to deal. It might be doubted that anything will be accomplished if the deliberations are kept on this level. In Washington, despite the general attitude of hopefulness, frank recognition of the difficulties that lie ahead might be misinterpreted as scepticism.

Strictly speaking, the Washington Conference did not deal primarily with a naval, but an economic question. The great powers had become convinced that navies were bankrupting them. The building of warships had to stop and the immediate business of the conference was to find where to stop it. It met the issue, upon the initiative of Mr. Hughes and the American delegation, by drawing the line at the water's edge and scrapping the ships on the ways.

The Geneva Conference will have this as a starting point also. It is to deal not only with a political and military, but an economic problem. From the viewpoint of the forthcoming deliberations it is probably fortunate that virtually all European nations stand on common ground, struggling to rehabilitate themselves. Necessity paves the way for agreement.

But, however strong the economic incentive, no economical formula will fit the case. Some countries are in a better position to maintain standing armies

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than others. The basis of the Pan-Germanic philosophy was economic. It justified war because it paid. Fortunately for the rest of the world, it did not pay when put to the test.

If neither military, nor political, nor economic considerations will point the way to a final solution, there is only one other course left—the acceptance of moral standards. To what extent the moral viewpoint will prevail at Geneva remains to be seen. Governments, though less soulless than Machiavelli painted them, are reluctant to adopt ethical standards. The baldly stated formula that war is immoral is unconvincing as well as untrue. But the principle that aggressive warfare is unjustifiable is generally accepted. By the same token preparations for aggressive warfare are reprehensible. Recognition of this moral principle might be due to the fact that nations have discovered that aggressive warfare, in the present state of things, does not pay, but it is a moral principle none the less.

One might go further and say that the application of the golden rule by the participating nations is the beginning of the task; or, as Pope Pius XI would say, the reëstablishment of the kingdom of Christ. The Holy Alliance began with this formula and worked down to practical conditions; it appears that the task of the Geneva Conference is to begin with conditions as they are and to work up to it.

There is a rather definite opinion in Washington that the conference will carry forward the work begun at Locarno by laying the basis for a series of regional security agreements—in effect promises to recognize one another's territorial rights and disavowals of aggressive purpose. The first objective will not be to abolish war but to fortify peace; not to disarm but to make armament unnecessary. To recognize that other nations are entitled to what they have is to disclaim any intention of taking anything away from them.

Once this step is taken, the task of the conference, from the military viewpoint, will be to fix the limits at which armament may be considered purely defensive. It might determine, for example, the maximum calibre of mobile artillery—Germany's 42-centimetre howitzer was clearly a weapon of offense. It might place limits upon the size of coast and frontier fortifications and the size of aerial bombs. Its purpose would not be to abolish war or to attempt to put all nations upon a common basis as to potential military strength, but to do everything possible to make aggressive warfare difficult.

A European diplomatist observed that the success at Locarno was not due to statesmen so much as to a change of heart. It might be said of the Geneva Conference that its success will be due to the observance of the second commandment, expressed in diplomatic verbiage.

If the change of heart continues, it is probable that another conference will be held in Washington to perfect the agreements relating to the limitation of naval armaments. But the Geneva meeting will mark a definite step forward in the establishment of international moral standards.

THE EASTWARD PATH OF ROME

By FRIEDRICH VON LAMA

THE union of Christian churches is one of the foremost ideals of the present hour. When so much else that had been ancient and established has fallen into ruin, it is both clear and necessary to see that the Catholic community is steadfast. The concern of the reigning Holy Father has been expressed, in a particular way, for the removal of barriers between the Catholic Occident and the schismatic East. And it is probable that his great solicitude for this work is due to the knowledge he gathered, first, during years of study and travel; second, during the stirring period when he represented the Papacy in the Poland which had arisen after the war. I wish to trace here the general outlines of this experience, for the reason that it may help to remove common misunderstandings of the spirit in which the See of Rome takes part in political affairs.

It was my good fortune to secure access to a host of documents bearing upon the nature of the Church's activity in Poland, during the course of researches for a history of Pope and Curia, now being published in Germany. The major details of this activity may be resumed briefly. During 1918 the war had so far been decided that the independence of Poland could be considered a certainty. Therefore the Holy See, mindful of the fact that Pope Clement XIV had been the only ruler to protest solemnly against the partition of the kingdom of the Sobieskis, determined to send a personal representative into the war-torn region. Monsignor Achille Ratti—now Pope Pius XI—was chosen because study had prepared him for the task, and because his personal tact had been proved on many an occasion. What followed has been so well narrated by Signor Francesco Tommasini, Italian ambassador to the Polish government in Warsaw since 1919, that one can do no better than quote from his recent book, The Resurrection of Poland. It is the work of a competent eye-witness.

Bearing the provisional title of Visitatore, Monsignor Ratti "devoted himself to his task with serene intellect, a firm will, gentle manners, and an untiring zeal which have inspired and still inspire the admira-

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tion of all those who have had the honor and happiness to follow closely part of his work." There were, of course, casual brushes with the régime which the German government, wholly unmindful of the religious belief professed by Poland, had built up through evangelical bureaucrats. But for the most part, harmony reigned until, with the official acknowledgment of Polish independence by the Holy See, on March 30, 1919, Monsignor Ratti assumed the diplomatic title of Nuncio, and became at the same time Archbishop of Lepanto.

At the moment the new nation was throbbing with ambition to grow and with a great variety of political dissensions. One of the first results was the Bolshevik advance upon Warsaw; and the papal Nuncio calmly earned the distinction of being the only member of the diplomatic corps not to leave the beleaguered city. This example was applauded, but in the course of the peace negotiations which followed, a Polish general invaded Catholic Lithuania, wrought a great deal of destruction, and inaugurated a policy of territorial seizure which the Holy See was forced to protest against. Accordingly, good will began to rest in the balance.

Another danger arose from the tendency on the part of priests to enter the political arena and sponsor one or other of the factions. This was particularly important in Silesia, during the time when the Entente Commission was supervising a plebiscite to determine the future national allegiance of the inhabitants. Archbishop Ratti had been appointed papal commissioner in the disputed territory; and his chief mission as such was to uphold the jurisdiction of the diocesan bishops.

The extraordinary difficulties created by the situation immediately became apparent. He delivered an address, calling upon all "to preserve Christian charity, which is the highest law and the most permanent symbol of the disciples of Our Lord." Shortly afterward, a formal decree prohibited all members of the clergy from making political speeches. This aroused considerable opposition on the part of extreme nationalists, the Nuncio was accused of partiality, and a resolution was introduced in the Seja—the Polish national assembly—to cancel his passports. Although a bare majority upheld the rights of Archbishop Ratti, he decided that for the time being his usefulness had ended and returned to Italy.

The aftermath of Archbishop Ratti's experience is interesting: when the former Nuncio became Pope Pius XI, one of his first actions was to insist firmly upon abstention from politics on the part of the Polish clergy, and when the prince-bishop of Krakow had been elected to the national assembly, he was ordered to present his demission. Finally, the encyclical letter for the feast of Saint Josaphat pointed to the fact that the martyr-bishop of Poland had "kept himself rigidly in the sphere of religion without interfering in any political business, although he was asked more than once to take part in civil controversies."

Since the Dantzig and Silesian conflicts have not been brought even yet to a peaceful conclusion, ecclesiastical matters there are still in a tentative condition. Pope Pius XI, however, used his acquired knowledge of Polish affairs to advantage in the work of drawing up the new concordat. This was an extremely difficult undertaking, for the reason that the new nation was comprised of provinces which had been ruled, during several generations, under widely divergent jurisdictions. First came the problem of ecclesiastical property—both the ancient Russian confiscatory policy and the new program of agrarian reform clouded the rights of the Church. In the second place, time had created a great variety of separate religious rites which the new Polish consciousness was only too likely to consider anti-national. Third, preceding concordats, designed for conditions now very much altered, had to be abrogated. But, owing to the intelligent coöperation of Stanislaus Grabski, who has been termed "the savior of the new Poland," all difficulties were disposed of in a surprisingly short time.

One of the most noteworthy aspects of the new concordat is the recognition given to the various separate rites of the Church. While the Polish government is allowed to supervise the appointment of priests to benefices, it will not attempt to abrogate forms of worship which tradition has established. We may see here the result of a desire on the part of the Holy See not to close the door to the peoples of the Christian East by nailing nationalistic insignia on the threshold.

In this spirit, a papal letter written to the bishops of Poland stated very frankly: "Inspired by affection for your mother country, we wish with all our hearts that Poland will soon master happily the difficulties which are necessarily bound up with its rise to nationhood, and will quickly arrive at a peaceful understanding with its neighbors in order to safeguard its entity and development." No one knows better than Pius XI how many seeds of war are awaiting the time of their germination in those eastern lands which have during so many ages been scenes of combat.

While the whole story reveals the impartiality and tactfulness of the present Holy Father, it calls our attention to the abiding principle in the conduct of the Church's relations with governments. The Church, being the spiritual kingdom of all mankind, cannot take its stand with parties or peoples. It must be open always to the four ends of the earth and the inhabitants thereof. If this principle had been sacrificed during the years of Polish reconstruction, the eastward path of the Catholic Faith would not now be so unusually free of obstacles and prejudices. The laws of justice and charity are abiding, and against them the gates of hell cannot prevail.

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SIR VINCENT YING, K.S.G.

THE Catholic University of Peking has suffered a severe loss in the death of its dean of Chinese studies, Mr. Vincent Ying (Ying Lien Chih) honored by the Holy Father with the Knighthood of Saint Gregory. He died on January 10, and was buried from the Pei T'ang (the Cathedral of Peking) on January 14.

Vincent Ying was a lineal descendant of K'ang Hsi, the second emperor of the Ch'ing or Manchu dynasty. He was born at Peking about the year 1862. His childhood was spent in literary studies, in which he became very proficient. Though a pagan in his youth, he had singularly clear notions regarding the Deity and the supremacy of the moral law. He began at an early age to investigate the various religions of pagan China, such as Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Not being satisfied with their doctrines, he sought the advice of his teacher, likewise a pagan. This man advised him to approach the Protestants. He did so, but found that while their Bible contained a very beautiful doctrine, they themselves did not seem to view it seriously. As a final resort, his teacher advised him to try the Catholic religion, and in this at last he found rest for his soul. Catholics, he discovered, not only possessed a beautiful doctrine, but, in many instances, proved by their unconquerable faith and lives of sacrifice that this doctrine was for them a vital reality.

Mr. Ying soon rose to eminence as a poet, an essayist and caligraphist. After having held several minor posts in the Chinese government, he founded a Chinese journal at Tientsin, known as The Impartial. This work he undertook in 1901 at the request of the intellectuals of the aforesaid city. The paper won wide popularity by reason of its fearless criticism of the decadent imperial court and the corrupt officials of the day. By 1915 it had the largest circulation of any paper in North China. It was during this period that Mr. Ying inaugurated many movements and reforms. He was the first to introduce the use of the Pai Hua or spoken language as a vehicle of literary expression. He established at Peking the first modern school for girls, i.e., the P'ei Ken Nü Hsüeh Hsiao, and wrote a book in Pai Hua denouncing the practice of foot-binding. He organized the first famine-relief drive for the benefit of the flood victims in Kiang-Su.

Later on he retired to the western hills where he obtained from the imperial family the grant of one of their hunting-parks for charitable and educational purposes. This park, located in the district known as Hsiang Shan, was called the Ch'ing-I-Yüan. There he founded a free school for girls, and there, likewise, in 1913 he established the Fu Jen Shê, which has been recently revived by the Catholic University as the MacManus Academy of Chinese Studies. Speaking of the original Fu Jen Shê, he says: "My sole aim in undertaking this work was to educate and train Catholic young men in such wise as to turn out some who would compare favorably with the members of other groups and religions, and whose public and private conduct would redound to the glory of God and the honor of Holy Mother Church." Lack of funds and other difficulties obliged him to close this academy in 1918.

Yüan Shih K'ai, the first president of the Chinese Republic, offered a seat in the state council to Mr. Ying, but the latter refused to accept the appointment. After the great flood of 1917, Hsiung Hsi Ling, the ex-premier of China, who had been made director of the relief-work, called upon Mr. Ying to help him in this capacity, and he committed to the latter the task of providing a permanent home for the several thousand orphans who were victims of the flood. Mr. Ying, accordingly, in the year 1918, established at Hsiang Shan the largest orphanage in China. It was subsequently known as the Children's Philanthropic Home. In 1924 he was offered the post of director of education for the metropolitan province, but declined the honor.

When, however, the Catholic University of Peking was started in 1925, Mr. Ying placed his pen at the disposal of the new institution and gave invaluable assistance by producing the literature needed for advertising, publicity, etc. Moreover, so prudent was his advice in all things, that it is hard to exaggerate the great debt which the University owes to its first dean of Chinese studies. Mr. Ying accepted the deanship of Chinese studies in the summer of 1925, and he was the one who planned the various courses and organized the faculty of the MacManus Academy—refusing any compensation.

In November, 1925, Mr. Ying's health began to fail very rapidly. By December he was at death's door, but even then his pen was busy on a program of courses for the University's school of Chinese studies. "The best physicians of the city," writes Father Ildephonse, "were consulted and the prayers and blessings of the Church resorted to, but it soon became apparent that Divine Providence, so inscrutable in its designs, had ordained otherwise. On January 10 he passed out of life, well-prepared by the reception of the Sacraments.

"It now became a matter of duty and respect to pay the last honors to the cherished departed. The ecclesiastical authorities and his admiring friends coöperated, in order to show their love and esteem for him who had done so much for the betterment of the masses; for the man who had shed such bright lustre upon the Church, whose doctrine he had embraced amid trials and storms so dark and forbidding that they might well have deterred a spirit less resolute and courageous. Especially noteworthy was the large number of streamers or scrolls carried, according to Chinese custom, in the funeral procession. Never before had so many (more than eighty in all) been counted at any funeral. Such scrolls generally extol some high and noble quality cultivated during life by the deceased, and this was likewise the case at Mr. Ying's funeral. Chiefly, however, did they refer to the profound learning of the man."

So closed the career of the great Catholic scholar of China. He was a man of high genius, a profound thinker and an incomparable writer, but, above all else, he was a man of untarnished honor, a devoted and conscientious Catholic. Than this no higher praise can be given. He was a voluminous writer, and only the more important of his works can be mentioned here. He was the author of Yeh Shih Chi (two volumes) a collection of essays; of Pi Chou Ch'ien Ching (twenty-four volumes) a collection of editorials in Pai Hua; of Yen Shan Lu, a philosophical and ethical work considered to be his masterpiece; of Ts'uen Ts'an Kae, a collection of poems; of Yün Mo, a series of stories and anecdotes; of Chun Tsan Chi, his reminiscences, besides numerous treatises, articles, and pamphlets. He likewise reëdited and published more than 70,000 copies of the famous works of the learned Jesuit Fathers of the seventeenth century.

The first step in the chain of events which led to the foundation of the Catholic University of Peking by Saint Vincent Archabbey (in association with the other Abbeys of the American-Cassinese congregation) was the letter written by Mr. Ying to His Holiness Pope Pius X in the year 1912.

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Stabat Mater Dolorosa

Stood the Mother in her anguish
By the Cross whereon did languish,
  Clenched with nails, her Son and Lord;
While her spirit's desolation,
Sorrowing and lamentation
  Felt the piercing of the sword.
Oh, how mournful and distresséd
Stood she there, who was the Blesséd
  Mother of the Promised One;
And her weeping—and her grieving!
And her trembling at perceiving
  There her First-Born's Passion!
Who is he whose eyes are tearless,
Witnessing Christ's Mother peerless,
  Dolorous and so alone?
Who is he who would not share her
Mother pangs, such griefs prepare her
  As she stands and mourns her Own?
For the sins of generations
Christ she sees mid flagellations,
  And the pains He must endure;
Sees the Son her breast did cherish
Desolate and doomed to perish,
  Giving up His spirit pure.
Mother—source of love's affection!
Let me share in thy abjection,
  Let my tears be joined to thine!
Set my heart aglow with burning
Unto Christ my God in yearning
  So to calm thy breast benign!
Blesséd Mother, this, oh, fashion
That the wounds of Cross and Passion
  Be fixed firmly on my heart;
That the scars thy Son is bearing
Find me worthily preparing
  To assume an humble part.
Weeping with thee in affliction
At the direful crucifixion
  All the days I live below,
'Neath the Cross with thee in sorrow
Portion of thy grief to borrow
  In the cataclysmic blow.
Virgin of all Virgins brightest,
Grant the plea thou never slightest—
  Let me stand with thee and weep;
Grant me Christ to bear as mourner—
In His sufferings, sojourner—
  Impress of His wounds to keep!
Scars like His for my salvation—
Crosses for inebriation
  In thy Son, my Jesus' love—
Flamed amid the radiance splendid,
Let me be by thee defended
  On that Judgment Day above!
May I, by the Cross protected,
Through the death of Christ elected,
  Be anointed unto grace;
When the body's day is ended
Be my soul by thee attended
  To the Paradisial place!

Translated from the Latin by THOMAS WALSH.

Easter at Nazareth

I have been up to Nazareth,
  To Nazareth of Galilee;
"Pilgrim, what found you there?" one saith:
  A faith in immortality
Where One divine drew mortal breath.
I have been up to Nazareth.

I have been up to Nazareth,
  And trod the winding streets He trod;
"Pilgrim, what found you there?" one saith:
  A sentience as though of God
That still my soul companioneth.
I have been up to Nazareth.

I have been up to Nazareth
  Upon its hills so high and fair;
"Pilgrim, what found you there?" one saith;
  "Pilgrim, pray tell—what found you there?"
I found life victor over death.
I have been up to Nazareth.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Cypress from Gethsemane

They are bringing cypress from Gethsemane
To plant beneath a California sun—
Tradition of an early century
Narrowed within the shadow of each one.
The gesture of a land with spices blown,
A garden where a vigil once was kept
By cypress trees while other watchers slept
And One bled out His agony alone.
Where will they plant these aliens they have wrenched
From old-world truth—where will these mourners stand?
Never beside gay orange groves sun-drenched,
Nor where the giant redwoods gird new land.
Where shall they plant them but upon a hill,
This group of ancient watchers, dark and still?

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

Noli Tangere

Christ loves a garden;
Therefore He came
Back to one in April
Like a lily-flame.
Golden of anther,
Chrysoprase of stem,
White rose of the lilies,
And He rose with them.
Mary moved toward Him
Like a woman from an urn,
She swayed like a lily-stem
Where white flowers burn.
Christ has a garden
Of many a lad and lass—
Petals brushed with pollen
When the winds pass.
I think they sway there
Safe upon a stem,
I hear: "Be unwilling
To touch them."

ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THAT CATHOLIC ECONOMIC PROGRAM

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal of February 17 carried my letter, That Catholic Economic Program, together with an answer by Father McGowan. In his first sentence, Father McGowan moves that all references in my letter to "Socialism, Socialists, Soviets, Russia, and Karl Marx be stricken from the record as camouflaged cursing." Why call it camouflaged cursing to have likenesses pointed out between the Socialist proposals and the so-called "Catholic" program? Why move to strike them out without showing wherein the various points of resemblance are not well taken?

He says: "By confusing private ownership with common ownership these epithets, besides, are a scandal to the weak." Readers of The Commonweal are weak, indeed, if they take scandal from a plain discussion of a proposed economic program. It would be more logical to point out the supposed confusion rather than merely to allege its existence "to the scandal of the weak."

Father McGowan's own thought is confused on such vital points that I hope I may be allowed enough space to comment on the most vital of them.

He says that the individual "would not be permitted, however, to amass such great wealth in the means of production as to wreck the freedom of others." From this one gathers that mere possession of great wealth, in means of production, seems to be the evil that stands out preëminent in his eyes, for reasons he does not disclose.

As a guide to those of us who are of a different opinion, will he please state at what point he would draw the line on the amassing of individual wealth in means of production? In fairness to citizens who may wish to conform to his laws, and who may have a little or even much more than his limit, they at least ought to know where they should stop amassing. It is quite confusing to them to be without this knowledge.

The plan of limiting stock returns to the interest rate is based on the queer assumption that the par value of the stock means something. What of "no par" stocks? And what of concerns whose invested values are far in excess of the par value, and what of those whose par value is much above the actual value? Is the rate of return to the small stockholder to be limited also, for fear that out of his dividends on ten shares he might amass so much wealth as to wreck the freedom of others?

We ought to be set straight as to when our views of the rights of private property become "extreme" and be told the point where we should cease to consider "it confiscatory to regulate profits . . . by law, or for a person . . . to be compelled to sell his property by law." So we ask to know just where the limit on rate of profits will be set. The program sets the limit at "the interest rate," but what is the interest rate, and will it also be set by law? If the law can limit profits, it can set the "legal" interest rate at one millionth of one percent, as well as at any other figure. We ought to be given a chance to know where we begin to sin against "social justice," otherwise we might be condemned for "profiteering" when our act was quite without intent.

Father McGowan seems to think that limiting profits by law, and being compelled to sell by law, is quite all right, because it is legal. But morals have a way of looking through specious pretexts and there are well-recognized differences between just and unjust laws.

In referring to my previous comment on confiscation as oblique and hesitant, Father McGowan necessarily asks for something more direct and unhesitant. I do not accuse the proposers of the program with deliberate intent to confiscate. They simply cannot realize that their methods of reasoning have led them into proposing confiscation.

They reason that profit over the rate of interest is wrong, wherefore it becomes proper to take the excess away from those who may now collect it. If such profit is not bad in itself they can claim no moral ground for taking it from one class and giving it to another. I do not find that the Church condemns the making of large profits by honest means. This proposal to take profits merely because they are large, is simply confiscation of part of one citizen's income to give it to other citizens.

The program proposes that all businesses be turned into cooperatives by the method outlined, so its proposers must necessarily assume that all businesses earn profits in excess of the rate of interest. Yet the government tax returns of 1923 from 400,000 corporations showed that 40 percent of these made no profit whatever in that year of good business. Now in view of that disagreeable fact, just how are these losing corporations to be turned into coöperatives by the method proposed? Or are we to assume that the program contemplates turning only the very profitable concerns over to their employees, and allowing the owners of losing concerns to stew in their own juice?

What about social justice to the workers in the less profitable concerns? Why favor one class of worker as against another? Profits will certainly be larger in some concerns than in others with whom they compete. Some workers will happen to be working for the less profitable concerns, and so would have less of the "excess" profits given to them, than would the workers in the more profitable concerns, who get a chance to take over a better business. So, those working in the more profitable concerns would not only be given a better business but would be taking it over much more quickly than those in the less profitable concerns. So the law would give one crew a better chance than it gives the other. Is that "social justice" to all the workers?

But one only needs follow the broad program to its own "reductio ad absurdum." Let us assume that the excess profits of all concerns have been turned over to the employees who have used them to buy up all the concerns, all of which have been turned into coöperatives. The former owners have the money paid to them, all according to law, and everybody is in the status visioned in the program. Now what are the owners to do with all the money they duly received in payment of their property? There is no chance of investing in any other concern, because all concerns are owned by their own employees, and being coöperatives there can be no owners who are not employees. If they were to try to spend this "money" in extravagant living it, of course, would give scandal to the weak, and would be immoral on that account. So what will the owners be able to do with this money that was

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duly and legally paid to them as a consideration for the property they were compelled to sell?

Father McGowan thinks my fears for freedom are founded on failure to realize how beneficial is the institution of private property and says himself that "private property is one of the strongest bulwarks of freedom." But in my system of logic, to take one group's property by the method he proposes and give it to another group, destroys, instead of preserving the institution of private property. Such compulsory dispossession of owners violates the very principle of private property. The legal hocus-pocus proposed is but a short step removed from the frank outright method proposed by the Socialist for dispossessing present owners. One advocating the partial, gradual confiscation that is the substance of this proposal can present but a poor front to the Socialist who would go only a trifle further.

Father McGowan makes the astounding statement that I closed my letter with an attack on the guilds. Yet my letter did not mention guilds at all. He boldly says that I see "that coöperation means the application of the guild system to modern times." But I do not see what he says I see. What I see in his program is a conglomeration of oblique thinking, that seeks to better the condition of one class by means of laws which in essence are mere confiscation, whose disguise of legal hocus-pocus prevents the proposers themselves from recognizing that fact.

Even though coöperation did mean the application of the guild system, and even though that application were desirable, I would still object to bringing about the guild system in the manner proposed. I would still object to calling a program "Catholic" that solemnly proposes to deprive some people of their property as this one does, under the specious pretext of paying for it with the owners' own money. As an economic program the whole thing is ridiculous, of course. To call it a "Catholic" program is a travesty.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

DISCIPLINE FOR THE SOUL

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—In connection with your article on retreats for laymen, Discipline for the Soul, which appeared in the issue of February 17 and which, I was very glad to notice, was reproduced, at least in part, by a number of periodicals including secular ones such as Time, allow me to submit the following:

According to the Catholic Encyclopedia "on July 9, [1909] eighteen men made the first retreat under Father Shealy's direction. . . . The first house of retreats for men in the United States was an established fact in April, 1911."

In the Messenger of the Sacred Heart for November, 1907, a magazine published by brothers in religion of Father Shealy of New York, there is an account of a retreat for laymen that was conducted at Saint Joseph's Technical School, Techny, Illinois, now known as Saint Mary's Mission House, from June 13 to June 16, 1907, and a reference to another retreat for men conducted in 1906 at the same place. The latter was attended by seventeen men, the former by twenty-six men. Two retreats were held in Techny in 1908 and one in June, 1909—in all, five retreats before the first retreat under Father Shealy's direction.

The Techny retreatants, who were mainly from Chicago, organized the Sacred Heart Retreatants' League in 1906 for the purpose of safeguarding the fruits of the retreat and extending the work. Thanks to their vigorous propaganda in Catholic periodicals, particularly in Chicago and Milwaukee, interest in laymen's retreats was aroused to such an extent that the Central Society in its annual convention of 1909 adopted the following resolution: "We recommend participation in retreats for laymen. . . . It has been shown that great blessings have resulted from such retreats. In Chicago a special society has been formed for the furtherance of these retreats."

We find this resolution in the newspaper articles published by the committee appointed to promote laymen's retreats and in the folders issued by Reverend Joseph Horning, S.J., president of Sacred Heart College, now known as Campion College, announcing two retreats for laymen for June 25 and July 1, 1910. These retreats mark the beginning of the movement in Wisconsin. From Prairie du Chien the work spread, thanks to the enthusiastic support of the Knights of Columbus, to St. Francis, Lake Beulah, De Pére, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and to other points in neighboring and more distant states.

REV. J. REINER, S.J.

THE CASE FOR CATHOLICISM

Allentown, Pa.

TO the Editor:—The purpose of the Calvert Associates, made public in your issue of March 24, to publish a series of booklets stating the Catholic position, scarcely needs commendation.

May I suggest that, in doing so, the series shall include a caption, The Catholic Church and Morality?

Experience has impressed on me the intellectual laziness that encompasses the mind of the average man with regard to the fundamental principles of morality. Modern thought assumes that morality is not a stable thing, but variable, fluctuating, depending on environment, climate, the traditions of the race, present-day opinion, change of viewpoint and what not. The evolutionistic idea inculcated in the mind of the modern so-called educated man by the materialistic college professor and by his product, the popular scientific magazine writer and the Sunday supplement contributor, helps to forge public opinion regarding moral issues.

Often-times the wish is father to the thought, and with those chafing under the restraint of moral inhibition without an adequate answer to its fundamental correctness, there is the readiness to seize and rely on any opinion, of real or fictitious merit, that will bolster up the position of one who is, to some extent at least, dubious of the value of his claims.

The real difficulty in counteracting false views regarding the Catholic position will not be in securing able writers to state the true principles involved, but rather in "merchandizing" their product—putting it before the public in a way that will accomplish the best results. It is safe to say that few daily papers and none of our Sunday supplements will give much space to thought of this nature. The best we can hope is that fair-minded magazines of the near intellectual type, who are not in the modern conspiracy against truth, will direct the attention of the public to these publications and that truth-seeking individuals will be led to investigate them in their original setting. At all events, the effort is worth while, for I believe there are many who are sincere in the endeavor to know the truth that will liberate them from the vagaries of pseudo-scientific intrusions in the field of knowledge.

JOHN C. PHELAN.

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BOOKS

Stephen Gardiner and the Tudor Reaction, by James Arthur Muller. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

IT would be inconceivable, were not Dr. James Arthur Muller of Cambridge, Massachusetts, our authority for the statement, that no biography, adequate or otherwise, of Bishop Stephen Gardiner, has yet appeared, and that historians of the Reformation in England have agreed to neglect one who was, perhaps, its most significant protagonist.

That the great religious shift was due to a deal of social and political confusion, quite apart from any popular dissatisfaction with dogma, has long been familiar to serious students. That the change was the work of a resolute minority, and was aristocratic rather than popular in its contexture is no less clear today. A host of social ills, from which society is suffering, is its inheritance. The subjection of the poor, super-nationalism with its attendant train of wars for territory and colonies, enclosures and the loss of communal property, the ruin of the guilds, the conception of the state as supreme and the loss of a court of appeal recognized by all Christian Europe, all date from the middle of the sixteenth century. Their detriment to the mass of the people, in any land, is obvious. But it is no less obvious that they could not have been put through without some measure of popular approval, cunningly secured by concealing the real and irreparable nature of the breach with tradition.

It is when such a difficult task has to be done that men like Gardiner, energetic and sophistical, who mask their pliancy toward the usurping power with an outward reverence for established law, and who have a peculiar skill in finding what look like fair means for attaining foul ends, find work to their hand for which they are peculiarly fitted, and are discovered seated at the side of kings.

Like Wolsey, Cromwell, and the new lords who rode down national liberties, in Chestertonian phrase, with "the Bible in their boots," Gardiner came from the middle class. His origin has long been considered dubious and many biographers assign him an illegitimate birth. Dr. Muller, the mere volume of whose research is conclusive, has no great trouble in proving that he was the son, honestly begotten, of one John Gardiner, a prosperous clothier of Bury St. Edmunds, who died when his son was a boy, leaving a will that is sufficient proof how firmly attached to the old Faith was the generation that immediately preceded the Reformation.

Gardiner was one of the most brilliant scholars of Trinity Hall, and a lecturer upon canon law. Once he had entered Wolsey's service, his rise was rapid and continuous. In the summer of 1525 his skilful drafting of the treaty between France and England won him the notice of the king. The next year we find him at his first contact with the new heresies as one of the judges at the trial of "Friar Barnes."

Even in so brief an article as this must be, the case of Barnes deserves a passing reference, typical as it is of tne mixed motives that lurked behind the religious change, and which were so skilfully used by the royal managers to promote the break with Rome. Barnes, described by Foxe as "a preacher to the prisoners and comfortless" and "a great doer in Cambridge," was one of these sentimental and unstable reformers of whom "Mr. Zero" is a recent type, with a real feeling for the misery of the poor, but with very little care how far the implications of his social theories may be stretched. The death of a poor man, who had willed "a kettle" to one of the Cambridge churches, gave him his chance. The parochial authorities seem to have acted harshly and to have summoned the executors to make good the bequest, with the result that one of them was cast into prison. A sermon by the friar in which the hierarchy and temporalities of the Church were lashed unsparingly was the immediate result. His trial and sentence were conducted on an imposing scale. "Bishop Fisher preached the sermon, and the Cardinal himself, mitred and in purple, sat 'enthronized' upon a scaffolding with his chaplains and spiritual doctors and 'six and thirty abbots, priors, and bishops.'" Seldom has a kettle boiled over so thoroughly. "To Gardiner," says Dr. Muller, "the individual case of injustice was an incident, magnified out of all importance by Barnes. . . . Barnes's teaching, he felt, would knock the bottom out of organized society." Yet beside the folly of the churchmen who permitted themselves to be manoeuvred into such a ridiculous position, the extravagance of Barnes seems almost wisdom. Did no one of them, we wonder, not even saintly Fisher, realize the volume of the conflagration which the faggot, carried by the unruly friar over his shoulder as part of his penance, was destined to kindle?

Gardiner's nearness to the king and repute as a legist (he was a doctor of civil and ecclesiastical law) inevitably involved him in the negotiations for divorce that were the proximate cause of the break with Rome. On this vexed point Dr. Muller is commendably impartial, though of his many appendices one, at least, might have been devoted to the remarkable statement that Clement "had, it seems, little moral objection to Henry's repudiation of Catherine." The position of Gardiner and his fellow envoys was fairly definite. Briefly, they were to secure the gratification of the king's passion for Anne Boleyn, with Rome's approval, if possible, and if not, then without it. "What the king wanted was a commission from Pope Clement VII empowering Wolsey, or some other favorably minded prelate, to pronounce invalid the dispensation of a previous Pope, Julius II, sanctioning Henry's marriage with Catherine—his deceased brother's wife—a marriage forbidden by the law of the Old Testament." In a word, the divorce from Catherine was to be secured, either by papal pronouncement, or by a handy evocation of Moses and the prophets, as the case might demand.

That Gardiner thoroughly understood his instructions is clear. To say nothing of the blazing effrontery of breaking his journey en route to the continent at the house of the king's "own sweetheart," his attitude, face to face with the Pontiff at Orvieto shows that allegiance had by now become a mere mask for disloyalty. "On the Friday before Palm Sunday the discussion 'waxed hot,' and at the end of it Gardiner desired them 'to note and ponder such words he should say of duty and obedience toward the See Apostolic.'" "To my words thus spoken" he reports "no man answered a word."

In our efforts to understand Gardiner, and, with Gardiner, a whole side of the English Reformation, we shall be helped if we exclude from our consciousness the accident that made him a churchman ("wily Winchester" in the picturesque language of his contemporaries) and consider him first and foremost as a statesman—one of the greatest of the chancellors. The talented John Oliver Hobbes, in her posthumous novel, has defined two categories of Christians—those who are devout and disorderly, with very little respect for anything but their personal reactions to religion, and those for whom the fabric of authority and discipline, the great orders of architecture and all the outward paraphernalia, inspire a passionate loyalty

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that may be tinctured by only the most perfunctory piety. Gardiner, it is plain, for good or ill, belonged to the second class. All his compliances, unworthy as they seem today, stopped short on the side of authority. To say that a man is not of the stuff of which martyrs are made is not necessarily a reflection on his courage. Men die for what they believe in. There is no evidence that Gardiner's enthusiasm went beyond the two laws of which he was a doctor. He was brave in championing the rights of Convocation, yet when Convocation as a body approved the royal supremacy, he was among the first to sign his assent. He hated the new Bible—but largely, one feels, because the universities had no hand in its translation. He hated the new and extreme doctrines of the two Protectors—but mainly because these came to England from Germany, and he feared the social unsettlement that they had wrought abroad. Against the supremacy of Rome he could find the plausible argument that "Peter's claim to supremacy consisted in a more plenteous endowment of grace," and yet assert that "the king, though he be an infidel, representeth, as it were, the image of God upon earth." An amazing conjuncture indeed, of which even Dr. Muller does not seem to recognize the inwardness.

No man riveted the English church to the state so firmly as Gardiner, and the more spiritual-minded of her children still chafe at the tie. "I know but one way of quiet," he declared, in what must be regarded as a final confession of faith: "to keep and follow such laws and orders in religion as our late Sovereign Lord left with us." By crystallizing his loyalties around the person of the monarch he managed to pass from orthodoxy to schism and back again, without the glory that surrounds More and Fisher, yet somehow, without the taint of ignominy that invests Cranmer's memory. Had he survived into Elizabeth's reign there can be little doubt we should have seen another avatar. Instead, he died the last Catholic bishop of Winchester save one, regretting with his dying breath that he could not find Peter's tears for Peter's fall!

In its general accuracy, impartiality, and documentation, Dr. Muller's work is a splendid monument to American scholarship. It should play an important part in familiarizing that new view of the Reformation as anything rather than a popular movement whose beginning may almost be dated from Cobbett's strange history, written ninety years ago.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Full and By, edited by Cameron Rogers, with prefaces by Don Marquis and Christopher Morley; illustrated by Edward A. Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $7.50.

"FULL AND BY," it is explained for the benefit of landlubbers, "is the situation of a ship with regard to the wind, when she is close hauled, and sailing in such a manner as neither to steer too nigh the direction of the wind, nor deviate to leeward." As applied to this collection of drinking songs, says its editor, the expression is "at once a boast and an admonition."

Why either is needed I fail to see—a drinking-song should concern itself solely with praise. The moralizing note chills all jovial warmth; and even the gay defiance that characterizes modern conviviality—though it can, perhaps, be hardly avoided—is unfortunate. The drinker should be equally oblivious of delirium tremens and Andrew Volstead. The filthiness of drunkenness and the still greater filthiness of prohibition have no place in the inn where honest men drain their flagons of good ale.

The one fault that I find with Mr. Rogers's collection is that he includes several songs that are concerned not with the glow in the heart of the night before but the fire in the head of the morning after. I positively deny that Eugene Field's The Clink of the Ice, or Bob Cameron's After the Club Dinner are drinking-songs at all. Wine and not bromo-seltzer should be before the poet as he sings.

I have also a complaint to make of Mr. Wilson's illustrations. They are beautiful and brilliant and full of humor and gusto; but very few of them are free of a touch of diabolism. A devil squats, for all the world as though he belonged there, on the base of the punch-bowl that illustrates Oliver Wendell Holmes's admirable song. The cloven hoofs, the barbed tail, and the infernal trident might appropriately accompany Don Marquis's The Battle of the Keyholes, or Henley's Let Us Be Drunk; but they are surely foreign to the Autocrat. Let me thank Mr. Wilson for at least keeping his pet devils out of his drawings for my own drinking songs. Or rather let me feel proud that the artist could catch no glimpse of an evil spirit sitting upon the ale-house bench with me. Retro Sathanas!

But now that I come to think of it, there is only one devil in such of the songs given here as were written by Catholics in order to praise God for what is, after life and love, His best gift to them. That lonely imp creeps into Leigh Hunt's translation of the great Latin song made at the close of the twelfth century by Walter Mapes, the Archdeacon of Oxford. And the reason may be that Mapes wrote as a satirist.

By way of balance to this I quote the Friar's Song that Longfellow (the author of Catawba Wine and a few minor works) included in his Golden Legend. It was written by Blessed James de Voragine, a thirteenth-century Dominican:

"Ave, color vini clari
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari,
Digneris potentia!

O quam placens in colore!
O quam fragrans in odore!
O quam sapidus in ore!
Dulce linguae vinculum!

Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!"

Was it for this pious labor that the saintly friar was beatified?

But I would not willingly be unfair to the many Protestants who were good fellows and who have hymned Bacchus. I remember that the finest single line in the whole body of English poetry is Calverley's "O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!"

I remember, too, the names of Bishop Still, Christopher North, Peacock, D'Urfey, Brome, and Burns. But I cannot forget that drunkenness, like prohibition, must ultimately be traced back to the Protestant assault upon Catholic culture.

Even so, Mr. Wilson's devils had not succeeded in provoking a fratricidal strife between delirium tremens and the Anti-Saloon League at the time when the earlier American

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songs given in Full and By were composed. The excellent Nothing like Grog, which was published in New York in 1806, is unaware of the horrors that were to come:

"'Tother day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I shewed him the stuff and he twigged it,
And it soon set his rev'rence agog,
And he swigged, and Nick swigged,
And Ben swigged, and Dick swigged,
And I swigged, and all of us swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog."

And The Still beyond the Hills, a fine native American song, one as mellow as the drink it celebrates, is also to be recommended without any qualification:

"This good moonshine is made of grains
And mixed with water pure,
And the alcohol that it contains
Will all your troubles cure.
So before we roll we'll have a bowl
Of this good old mountain dew,
Before we roll we'll have another bowl
Of this good old mountain dew."

But these are among the few exceptions. Generally the American convivial poet has "a horrid rhythm in his forehead torrid" while he sings.

"A small but fierce volcano vexes him sore inside,
And his throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo hide."

I can feel a complete sympathy with Don Marquis's almost unbearably pathetic ballad on The Old Brass Railing:

"My feet still seek a railing,
When a railing isn't there—"

But I can understand, after reading the American songs in Full and By, why it is we have prohibition; and, after looking at the pictured devils, how hopeless it is ever to expect to escape from the foul grip of the fanatic.

Mr. Wilson is always hilarious, but when he can elude the present with its mingling of pussyfooters and souse-parties and get into the kindlier America of thirty or forty years ago, he becomes happy as well. The most wonderful of all his drawings is that which was used as the end-paper in the limited edition of this work, but which was considered too precious (as it is!) to put into a seven and a half dollar book. Here we have the old-fashioned saloon. Behind the bar are four stalwart, grave, slightly bald, mustachioed bartenders, and at the bar are two merry souls who have come in to begin the day well with a morning daisy. The enormous gaudy gilt mirrors, the chandeliers draped with netting, the companion paintings of nudes reclining in voluptuous (and impossible) curves—one of these goddesses is languidly looking at the arrow which a flying Cupid is about to shoot into her bosom—these and the gas lamps, the bottles, the brass rail dirged by Mr. Marquis, and the spittoons make up a paradise still innocent of the destined snake.

I say "destined" because only barmaids, certainly not bartenders, could have ever effectually guarded the portal to Eden. But this is a dark saying, and I have no time to explain.

The perusal of Full and By, like the reviewing of it, has been to me a somewhat melancholy pleasure. And I must confess that I, who may claim to be a connoisseur of conviviality, never expected to find a tinge of sadness in my mind while reading a collection of drinking-songs. I can still recall the delight it was to ransack Elizabethan and Caroline chapbooks in the British Museum at the time I was compiling an anthology of my own. Moreover, as a writer of drinking-songs, I know exactly how such things should be done. And I do not hesitate to accuse of abominable heresy some of the poets whom Mr. Rogers sponsors. Don Marquis actually admits, without evident shame, that he is now "a teetotaler (practically)." The charity always due to an erring sinner—but never to his sin—would oblige me to give a wide interpretation to the word in parenthesis, did not Mr. Marquis go on to say that there is a feeling stirring deep within him which tells him that it is possible that eventually he will turn into a prohibitionist. This makes me feel like Athanasius contra (novum) mundum. I have kept the faith.

But I no longer write drinking-songs. One, indeed, I did write soon after coming to this country, five and a half years ago; and it appears in Full and By, though without my name attached. This was intended as my valediction. Not because there is nothing to drink in America (as a matter of fact I have drunk at least twice as much as in the same period of time in England), but because the furtive and hectic drinking induced by the Volstead Act is destructive of the easy geniality that inspires song.

Let us turn from such sad thoughts. The true spirit of all convivial verse is expressed in Henry Aldrich's Reasons for Drinking, with which I embellish the close of this review:

"If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink:
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by-and-by—
Or any other reason why."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Memoirs of an Ambassador, Volume III (August 19, 1916 to May 17, 1917) by Maurice Paléologue; translated by F. A. Holt. New York: George H. Doran Company. $7.50.

THE New York Times's Book Review of January 31 very truly says: "Readers have swallowed an absolutely indigestible dose of memoirs, novels, magazine articles, etc., dealing with the last days of Russia under the czarist régime and should be generously spared further information on Rasputin, the Czarina, occult gatherings and other such things"; and equally truly concludes: "No book on the Russian upheaval accumulates the most variegated heavy and unyielding material into so light, graceful and elegant an edifice with masterfully stressed main lines arising out of a wealth of sparkling details."

The book is a masterpiece. I have not read it in the English version nor would I wish to read it in another language than his sparkling French. A master he is, and not least a master of construction, for he has chosen as his medium the diary, most difficult of forms, and he has published years after the event, when men have died, state documents have been given to the public, and the great forces clarified, in some degree, which

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brought the empire to its fall, all this without detracting from his prophecies, with place and date; confirming his prophecies, even though no man then living could see clearly or foretell the next step. That is the achievement of an artist, of a master writer. No one may challenge his vaticinations; they have all proved and stood the test of subsequent events. Those who went through that period with him, who knew his sources and the handicaps under which Russians and foreigners labored alike to understand, those who shared the darkness of that time can only offer the tribute of unbounded admiration.

Sir George Buchanan (his British colleague) alone might have been well informed but for a curious psychological cross current; as a matter of fact he was well informed, for among those whom he had drawn to him for this purpose were officers of the Indian army who had specialized on Russia, who spoke Russian. Therein lay, however, the very thing which nullified their usefulness. All the Allies were sincere in their efforts to help the emperor's gigantic war effort, not least the British. It is a fact that appalling British losses on the western front were due to the diversion of heavy artillery to Russia. Needing all the pieces that could be concentrated on their own front, the British sacrificed them to their ally, and one of the tragedies of the sacrifice lay in the fact that, despite their efforts, a too large proportion of these great guns never got into action after reaching Russia. One of the British officers most active and valuable to Sir George had occupied on the Indian frontier the same post as his father and grandfather. Traditionally he had specialized in Russian matters; like his colleagues of the Indian army drawn to the assistance of Russia, he had never before looked upon "the Bear" as a friend or as a possible ally. With the best of good will, with all their admirable training, they could not understand what was happening. With all the vigor of which an honest Englishman is capable, they gave what was in them to their mission, but it could only be a blind effort.

The American ambassador was equally helpless. He came new to diplomacy at a peculiarly critical moment, and came as an outsider. Russia, France, and England were allies. America's neutrality was resented by the imperial court and by his colleagues. He was treated with civility but with civility of the most frigid kind; except on matters unrelated to the war (and these were few!) he had only perfunctory contact with social or official life. In consequence, he hailed the Liberal parliamentary group, after the beginnings of revolution as something he could understand. They spoke of "democracy," and he was a Democrat! He threw himself, burning with ardor, into recognition of the new régime, and waited, first of the diplomatic corps, upon the new government to convey the congratulations of our President upon the new era of liberty. It is perhaps not irrelevant to mention that his audience for this purpose was set back from the morning to the afternoon—and that it transpired that Sir George Buchanan had quite unexpectedly "recognized" at an earlier hour. It is also not irrelevant to recall that all cables passed through London. With the advent of "democracy" in the Russian meaning, our ambassador, as was natural, was more completely at sea than ever.

What the Japanese ambassador saw is a mystery; it is my belief that he may have seen more clearly than most, for his vision was unclouded by the struggle for existence. His main preoccupation may well have been the fact that any army which had not taken part in modern war conditions, on the western front, would later be an army obsolete—and that in view of the minor experiences of Port Arthur, it was questionable if Japanese troops could stand conditions in the trenches, if even their superb morale could stand the shattering losses of the French and British.

No need to emphasize the utter darkness of all classes of Russians as to the exact nature and trend of the colossal forces loosed on the world by war and revolution; least among them were the grand dukes capable of grasping the significance of events. I do not hesitate to say that the French ambassador was not more prescient. He could not be. He had no better sources of information than the rest; in fact, to those who knew him it was not likely that his sources were as good as Buchanan's, for he was very much a man of the court; his social relations were almost exclusively court relations, the very last milieu in which to seek for clarity in revolution.

That revolution was not imminent but actual might have been seen by anyone with adequate knowledge of history and experience in world tendencies not fully occupied with the struggle to survive. That this was not emphasized (if it was not) in communications to the allied chancelleries may well have lain in the impatience of some of M. Paléologue's colleagues with the dilatoriness and inefficiency of the imperial government: their objective was the winning of the war, not a study of Russia; Russia interested them only as man power, as pressure on Germany's eastern flank, to relieve the more important operations on the west. It is conceivable that from the point of view of this objective, revolution became confused with patriotism, while to the clearer eye and mind of a French author unsympathetic to popular movements and not given to enthusiasm, revolution still meant revolution, a complication, never an amelioration of a trying situation.

No, I see M. Paléologue as an artist, as a clever journalist, as a courtier by predilection (désoeuvré perhaps, now that courts are scarcer) as an elegant and charming man of fashion, as a dilettante diplomat tinged with that delicate cynicism which does come to elderly diplomats, wearing it gracefully as some few possess the art to wear it, but I do not see him in the rôle of prophet in the world war.

No man in 1915 could foretell except as a guess. With luck, his guess might be right. With skill, his ordinary guesses could be effaced from the record.

The Memoirs of an Ambassador remains a great artistic achievement; one subscribes willingly to the publisher's comment on it as "one of the most valuable historical and human documents" produced by the Russian upheaval. All that it is, but not prophecy.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

All the Sad Young Men, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

IF there be a Scott Fitzgerald problem, it is not likely that anything resembling a solution can be dug out of the present rather desultory collection of short stories, in which there is neither more nor less of grace and actuality than one may find in the usual repetition generale of an author's latest magazine copy. The melancholy young fellows with whom the book deals are grouped—as most American readers of fiction know by this time—round the prurient youngster in Absolution. Here Mr. Fitzgerald has wrestled bravely with a mystery, not stripping it of the haunting psychological shadows which give it life, but, nevertheless, forcing it to surrender something far too firm for irony and futile playfulness.

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it comes to life, as if the creative touch of Chekhov were there; but constant aesthetic niceties, of diction or pose, meddle with its reality. Perhaps it would be incorrect to say that Mr. Fitzgerald is still miles away from the new prairie frontier where Father Schwartz is deranged by the emptiness—or the hugeness—of life; but one feels that between him and that life there walk the obese shadows of Princeton dilettanteism, of house parties in Great Neck. There is also another barrier. Read this story to any simple, unsophisticated person and he would ask: "What does Mr. Fitzgerald believe?" And I think the answer might well be—that life is fundamentally uncomfortable and challenging, owing to the insuperable still voice. For Absolution is not bravely blasphemous or sturdily futile; it is, unless I am very badly mistaken, afraid.

The most interesting narrative in the collection is, however, The Rich Boy. With this background of wealthy New York Mr. Fitzgerald is at his ease. And his treatment of Anson Hunter, the solid scion of good parents and a massive checking-account, is dealt with ironically, truthfully, deliciously. This is a story with a marked crescendo of emotional contrasts, leaving a resonance that can be enjoyed after the book has been put down. Whether or not it is valuable work depends upon one's version of the civic importance of those among the urbane who are sprung from lions of vigor and hard cash. Possibly Mr. Fitzgerald, in a mood of cynical social criticism, is supplying a document of abiding value. But that—like much else about this young man—remains to be seen.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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The Leahy Dante Prize

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4. It shall not contain more than 5,000 words.
5. A typewritten copy of it must be sent to the Dante Prize Committee, care of The Commonweal, Grand Central Terminal, New York City, on or before September 1, 1926. All manuscripts should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"These are cold days for spring," grumbled Britannicus.

"True," replied Dr. Angelicus, "and that remark reminds me of a charming story written by Miss Laura Benét, which came to me this morning. Let me read it to you:

" 'Along the straight, white road to Paradise went a great company of people summoned in a hurry by the Archangel Gabriel. Now when people hear that they are to go to heaven at once and remain there, they do, of necessity, get a bit flurried. So it was that each one had something precious with him—something that he or she felt they absolutely could not do without. Some women had been sent for while they had been cooking, and held their favorite dinner dish poised in their hands, filled to the brim lest they get hungry on the way; one man had a sack of early wheat that he dragged painfully along after him; one man led along an agéd donkey; and at the very tail of the procession walked an old and very poor woman who carried in her arms a huge bundle of sticks. They were bulky and cumbersome, but no one offered to help her with them. So at last, seeing she was so overburdened, the good Archangel himself, in his red cloak, halted at her side and spoke kindly, telling her to throw some of the sticks away as they were still far from Paradise.

" 'I will not,' said the old woman firmly, 'even for you, the great Angel Gabriel. All my life I have been poor and hungry and childless—with never a daughter nor a son to do for me, and but few neighbors. All my life, I have shivered through winters with scarce two crossed sticks on the hearth to rub my bones by; and so when I saw by my cottage this grand, big load of wood that had fallen off a cart, I thought to myself, what a jolly winter it'll be for me; and then, alack, next morning I got your message! So, as I was leaving I dragged a bundle of the sticks along—for, thought I, the evil ones in Purgatory are overly hot in torment, but the white saints in Paradise must sometimes feel coldish.'

" 'Then the great Archangel smiled and said she could keep her wood, only she must let the man with the donkey help her. But when the old woman handed him up a load of sticks, the man piled them so loosely on the donkey's back that they fell off in the road, and he would not stoop to pick them up. The old woman, already far behind the others, dared not stop for them.

" 'Then the pilgrims to Paradise went near a copse where children were gathering a few stray faggots—and when they saw the old woman's bundle, they wailed and held out their arms, crying that they needed a big fire to roast their potatoes as they had had no dinner. 'Poor things,' said the old woman, and parted with more of her sticks.

" 'After a while, they met a crowd leading a condemned criminal to the market place to be hanged. His face was pale grey, and his lips twitched and there was froth upon them like sea foam. And when the old woman saw his terrified face, she bound two sticks into a crucifix and gave it to him.

" 'Now one or two of the oldest folk in the procession passed away suddenly, and the Angel Gabriel flew ahead with them to the gates of the blessed city. This halted the others until the good Angel should return and guide them; and while they halted overnight by the roadside they demanded the remaining sticks in the old woman's bundle for a bonfire. The poor old dame could not say them nay, but her heart was sorely troubled. For after the bonfire was built, she had but

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a dozen good-sized sticks out of her whole snug packet—and surely the feet of the saints would not be much benefited by these! And that night while she dozed, the crazy boy who had nothing in his pockets but grass stalks and millet seed, stole nine of her sticks to make a bird cage for a bird he had contrived to snare. So she lost all heart and began to sob and cry in real earnest. When the journey was resumed, the old woman trudged along, stumbling and falling, clutching her three precious sticks in the bosom of her dress.

" 'And now a cold, beautiful, silver light began to pour over the road, and all frosted with delicate rime like a Christmas roof in moonlight, the pilgrims beheld Paradise—a city of pure, white light like the fall of a fresh snow that has never been sullied. The eyes of the old woman who had borne so much, were dazzled by its glitter, and she nearly let fall her three remaining sticks. But she clutched her blouse in time to thrust them further into it. When they came to the gates, each person was bidden to give up what he had brought with him; even the cross old man's donkey was taken for the youthful seraps to ride upon while their wings were yet tender and tiny. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out of it. But the angel at the gate did not take the sticks from the old woman—they were buried too deep in her calico blouse.

" 'Oh, but it was cold in the still wonder of Paradise! The old woman had time to look about her and she saw the faces of beauteous saints regarding her pityingly and kindly. And she lost all fear, and smiled back at them. But her teeth chattered, and her crushed old shoes let in the wind, and her thin, frayed shawl blew off her shoulders! At last she gave a great gasp and sat down flat on the floor, with the sticks rattling in her blouse. Then one of the saints with a rugged, kindly face, and carrying a great bunch of keys, hastened over to help her up. She saw that his hands were red with cold, and that his feet in their thonged sandals were congealed and half frozen. 'Oh, good sir,' cried the old woman, and drew forth the three sticks. 'I know not your name, only that you are one of the good saints and I have brought you these to kindle a fire and warm your feet.'

" 'The saint looked at them longingly without touching. 'Know you not, dear old mother,' said he, 'that I am Saint Peter and that I once stood warming myself at a fire in the High Priest's house while cruel men betrayed my Master? Since then, I must, even here in High Heaven, suffer the punishment of never drawing near a fire, no matter how I shake with cold. Therefore, dear mother, give your sticks elsewhere. To me they may not come.'

"The poor old woman's disappointment was so bitter when she thought of his bruised, chilled feet that the tears from her overcharged heart burst forth again. As each tear fell upon the three sticks it was changed to a tiny, lapping flame that kindled them suddenly into a glowing blaze. Then a Voice spoke over Saint Peter's head, and said kindly:

" 'Peter, warm your repentance at the fire of this poor woman's heart. All her days she shall be fire-maker in Paradise, and kindle the happy torches for the welcoming angels and the leaping hearth at the foot of the great, white throne. All her eternal days she shall be warm and happy, and the light of the great city of the saints shall be to her as the warmth from the Christ Child's tree. As for you, Peter, you shall be happy and warm with her, and carry no memory of ancient things.' "

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